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ALL NEW STORIES

JULY NO. 206

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

ACTION COMICS

IN THIS ISSUE:
**'SUPERMAN
MARRIES
LOIS LANE!'**



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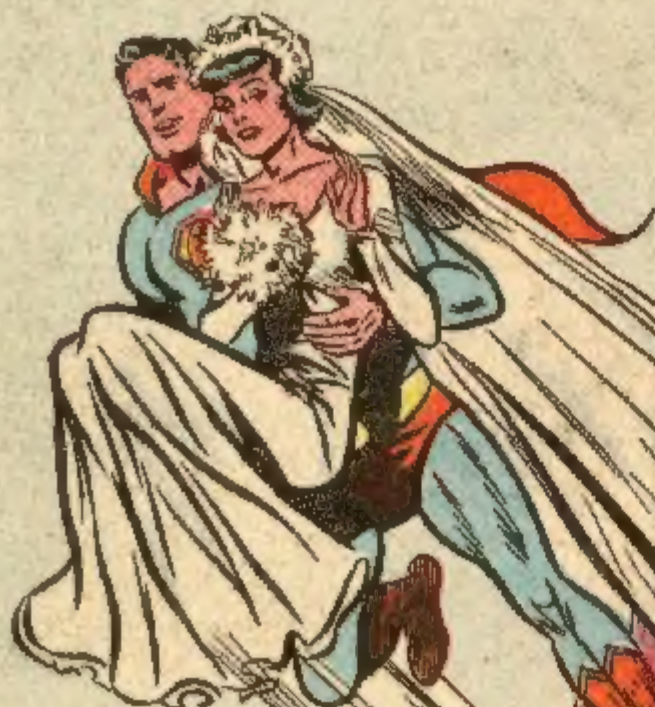
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

LIMITED TIME OFFER!

SUPERMAN

YOU ARE HEREBY INVITED TO ATTEND THE MOST SENSATIONAL WEDDING OF ALL TIME! THE BRIDE WILL BE THE LOVELY MISS LOIS LANE! THE BEST MAN WILL BE CLARK KENT! THE BRIDEGROOM WILL BE THE ONE AND ONLY SUPERMAN! SINCE CLARK KENT AND SUPERMAN ARE THE SAME PERSON, IT SHOULD BE A UNIQUE SITUATION! SEE HOW IT'S DONE AND BE THERE WHEN--

SUPERMAN MARRIES LOIS LANE!



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I'M SURE YOU ALL KNOW ME BY NOW. I'M LOIS LANE, AND I WORK ON A GREAT METROPOLIS NEWSPAPER--THE DAILY PLANET. I WANT TO TELL YOU THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW I CAME TO MARRY SUPERMAN!



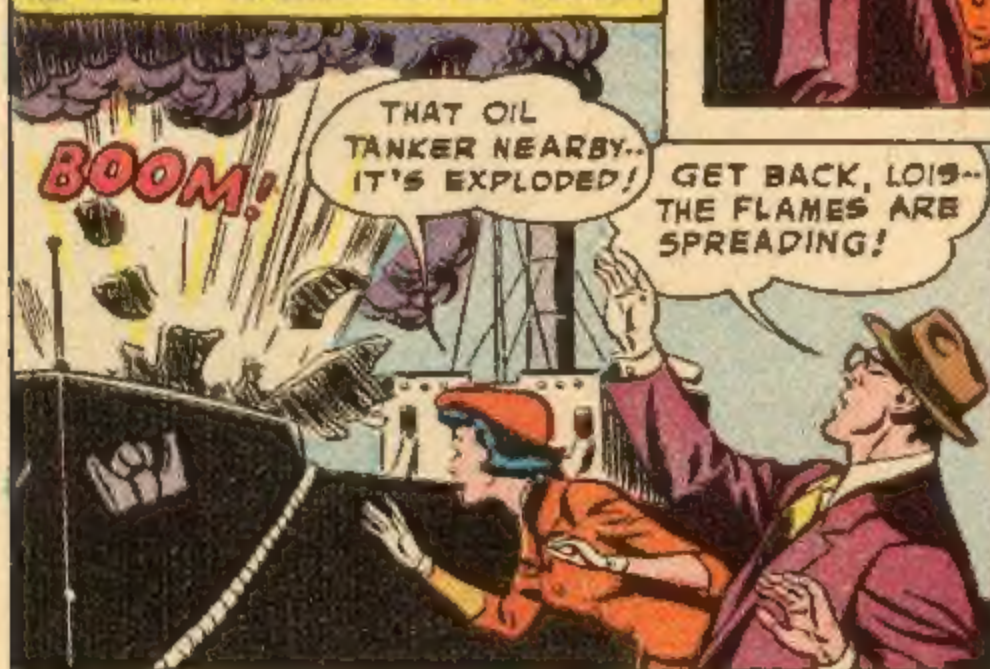
"IT ALL BEGAN WHEN CLARK KENT AND I WERE COVERING A FEATURE STORY! CLARK'S SWEET, BUT SOMETIMES HE'S SO...SO TIMID!"

THIS SHOULD MAKE A NICE STORY FOR THE SUNDAY EDITION, LOIS! BUT IT NEEDS A CATCHY TITLE..

HOW ABOUT "STEVEDORES ON YOUR DOORSTEP"?



*SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A DEAFENING CRASH--AN ERUPTION OF FLAME!



BOOM!

THAT OIL TANKER NEARBY-- IT'S EXPLODED!

GET BACK, LOIS-- THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING!

"MOMENTS LATER, I WAS AWARE CLARK WAS GONE--DISAPPEARED!"

THAT CLARK-- ALWAYS DISAPPEARING WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE! ON WELL, IF HE'S NOT AROUND, MAYBE I CAN GET AN EXCLUSIVE BY-LINE ON THIS DISASTER!

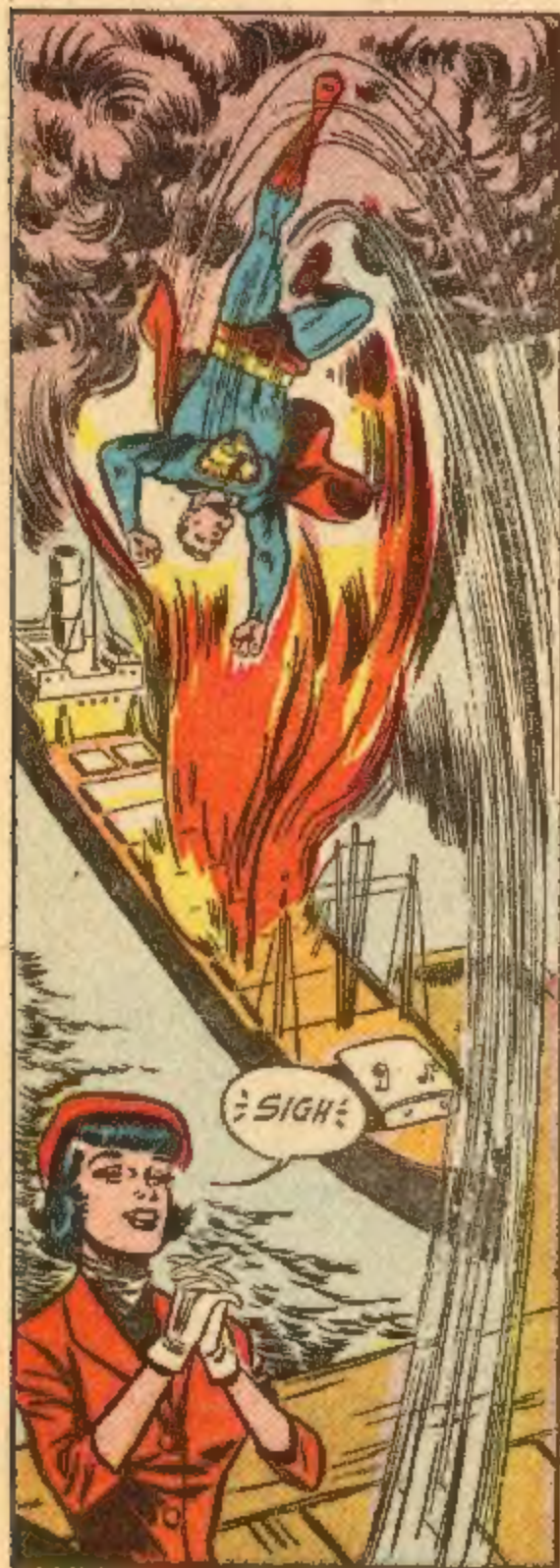


EEEE! THE ROOF'S CAVING IN!

"AND THEN HE ARRIVED--JUST AS HE ALWAYS DOES WHEN I NEED HIM!"



SUPERMAN!



"THEN, AS I TURNED TO GO..."

OH, I'M SORRY!

HEY!



"THE MAN TRIED TO AVERT HIS FACE AS HE REACHED FOR HIS DARK GLASSES..."

EVEN THOUGH HE'S TRYING TO HIDE HIS FACE, I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE-- BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE! HE'S CERTAINLY A CRIMINAL TYPE!



OH, LOIS, I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU!

THE WAY YOU DISAPPEAR AND REAPPEAR! ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU WENT INTO HIDING!



YES, LOIS, CLARK WAS "HIDING"-- IN HIS SUPERMAN GARB! FOR, UNKNOWN TO YOU, HE LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE AS BOTH CLARK KENT AND SUPERMAN!

"THAT NIGHT, AS I PREPARED TO RETIRE, MY THOUGHTS KEPT WANDERING BACK TO SUPERMAN AND HOW HE HAD LOOKED WHEN I KISSED HIM..."

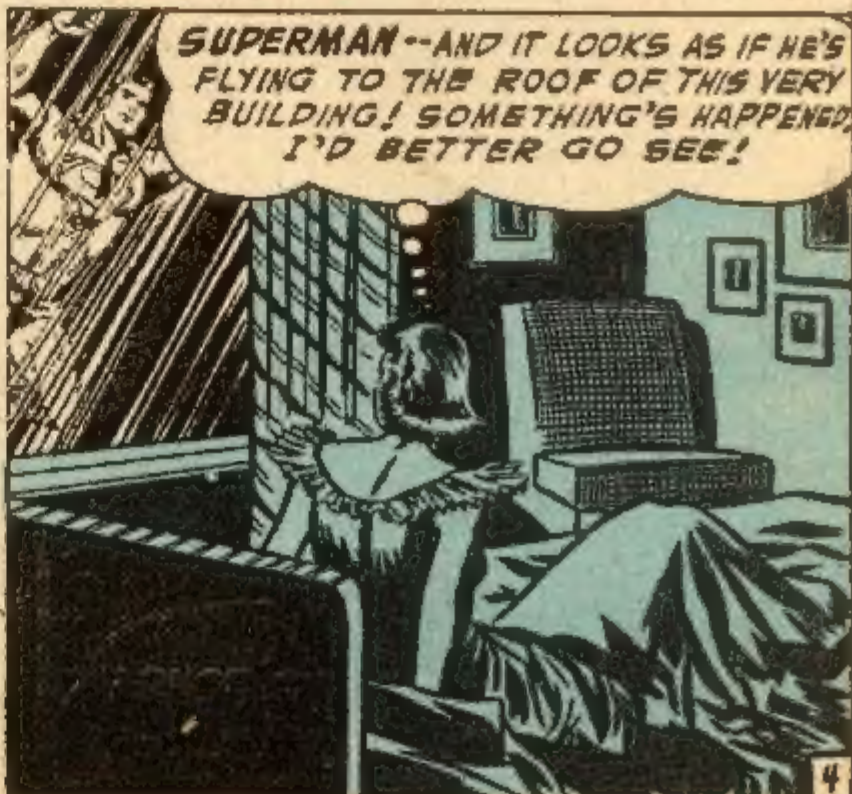
SUPERMAN-- MY DREAM MAN! SIGH HE'S SO STRONG-WILLED, TOO! HE JUST WON'T ALLOW HIMSELF TO FALL IN LOVE!



OH, HOW I WISH HE'D FALL IN LOVE WITH ME-- AND ASK ME TO MARRY HIM! SIGH I KNOW IT'S TOO MUCH TO WISH FOR, BUT IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL TO BE THE WIFE OF SUPERMAN...



SUPERMAN--AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S FLYING TO THE ROOF OF THIS VERY BUILDING! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, I'D BETTER GO SEE!





"AFTERWARD, HE USED SUCH SUPER-PRESSURE ON A CHUNK OF COAL, IT BEGAN TO GLOW AT WHITE HEAT..."



"...UNTIL IT TURNED INTO THE PUREST OF ALL CARBONS-- A DIAMOND!"



"THEN, WITH HIS PINKY, HE ACTUALLY DRILLED A HOLE IN THE LOWER HALF OF THE DIAMOND..."



THE FIANCEE OF SUPERMAN SHOULD HAVE A SUPER-ENGAGEMENT RING!



OH, MY! THE WHOLE RING IS A DIAMOND! EVEN THE BAND! WAIT TILL THE GANG AT THE OFFICE SEES THIS!

THAT REMINDS ME! I'VE ALWAYS HAD THE FEELING CLARK WAS SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH ME! I HOPE THE NEWS OF OUR ENGAGEMENT DOESN'T HURT HIM!



DON'T WORRY, HONEY! I'M SURE CLARK IS AS CONCERNED FOR YOUR HAPPINESS AS I AM!

"BUT THEY WERE CONVINCED WHEN THEY LOOKED UP INTO THE SKY, AND SAW..."

HOLY SMOKE! SUPERMAN'S ARRANGING THOSE CLOUDS TO WRITE WORDS!

HE'S ACTING JUST LIKE A LOVESICK SCHOOL KID SCRAWLING WORDS ON A FENCE!

"NEXT MORNING, WHEN I BROKE THE NEWS TO THEM, PERRY WHITE, JIMMY OLSEN AND THE OTHERS JUST WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!"

BUT IT'S TRUE! THIS IS THE ENGAGEMENT RING SUPERMAN GAVE ME!

SURE--PROBABLY SOME GAG RING! WHAT DOES IT DO, SQUIRT WATER?

HA, HA! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS APRIL FOOL'S DAY!



LATER, THE GANG CROWDED AROUND US OFFERING CONGRATULATIONS...

WHERE'S CLARK? I WANT HIM TO
BE BEST MAN AT OUR WEDDING!
I WANT MY TWO FAVORITE MEN TO BE
BESIDE ME AT THE CEREMONY!



EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS, WE WANT TO SEE!

I'D BE
HONORED,
LOIS!

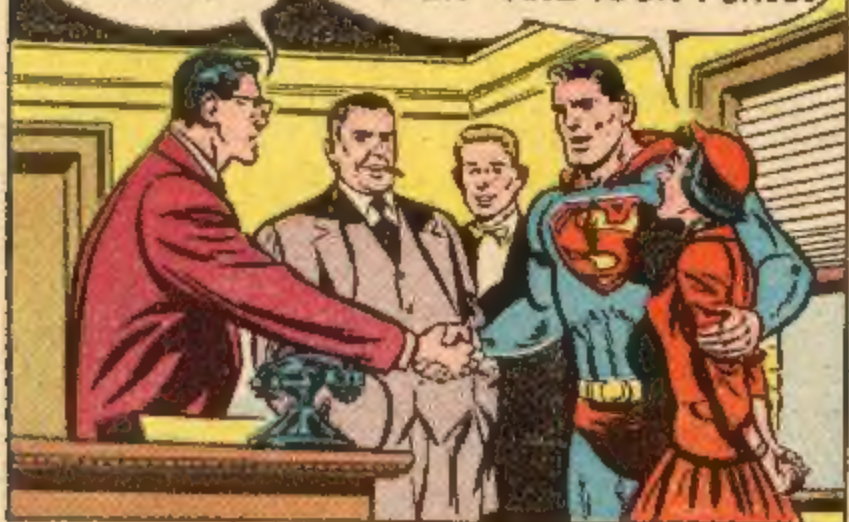
CLARK!



EDITOR'S NOTE: IF CLARK KENT AND SUPERMAN ARE THE SAME PERSON, HOW CAN BOTH APPEAR AT THE SAME TIME?

WELL, LOIS, I
GUESS THE
BETTER MAN
WON!

IT TOOK A **SUPERMAN**
TO DO IT, CLARK! ONLY A
SUPERMAN COULD
EVER TAKE YOUR PLACE!



AND THEN I SAT AT MY TYPEWRITER
AND WROTE MY BIG STORY--THE
BIGGEST STORY I WOULD EVER WRITE!



"WHEN THE WORLD LEARNED THE SENSATIONAL NEWS, WE COULDN'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT A CROWD FOLLOWING US..."

FINALLY HOOKED
HIM, EH, LOIS?

NICE
GOING,
KID!

CHANGING
SUPERMAN
INTO A FAMILY
MAN, EH, LOIS?

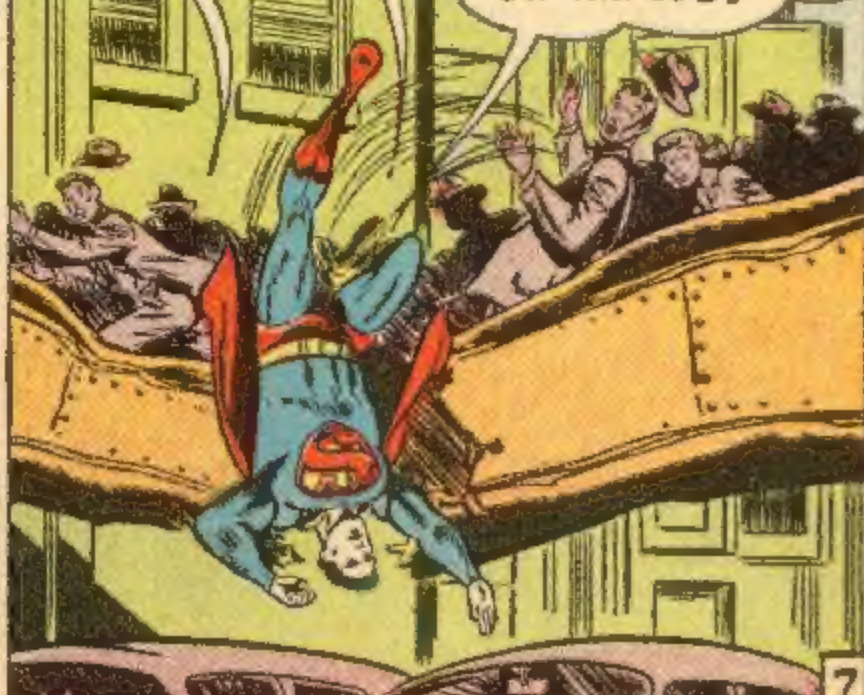


"ONCE THE CROWD GOT SO DENSE, ITS WEIGHT CAUSED AN OLD OVERPASS TO BREAK..."

EEE!

HELP!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
FOLKS! NO NEED
FOR ALARM! I'M
ON THE JOB!



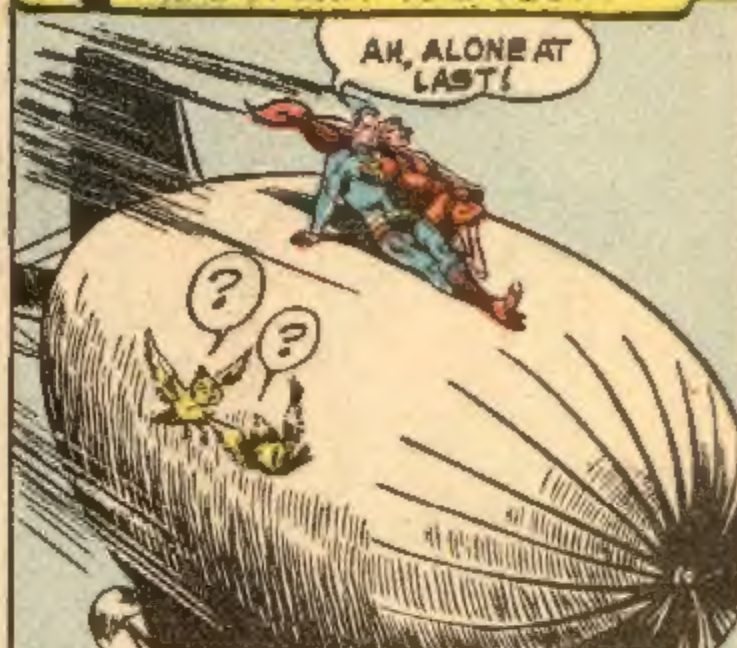
"NATURALLY, SUPERMAN REPAIRED THE DAMAGE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE..."

I COULD WELD THE ENDS TOGETHER SMOOTHLY, BUT SEEING THESE KNOTS WILL REMIND PEOPLE THEY CAN CAUSE DANGER IF THEY CROWD TOGETHER LIKE THAT!



"AFTER THAT WE AVOIDED THE STREETS, AND OF COURSE, HAVING A SUPERMAN FOR A FIANCE MADE IT EASY TO DO SO..."

AH, ALONE AT LAST!



"BUT THERE WERE OTHER DISADVANTAGES TO BEING SUPERMAN'S SWEETHEART..."

SORRY, DARLING...

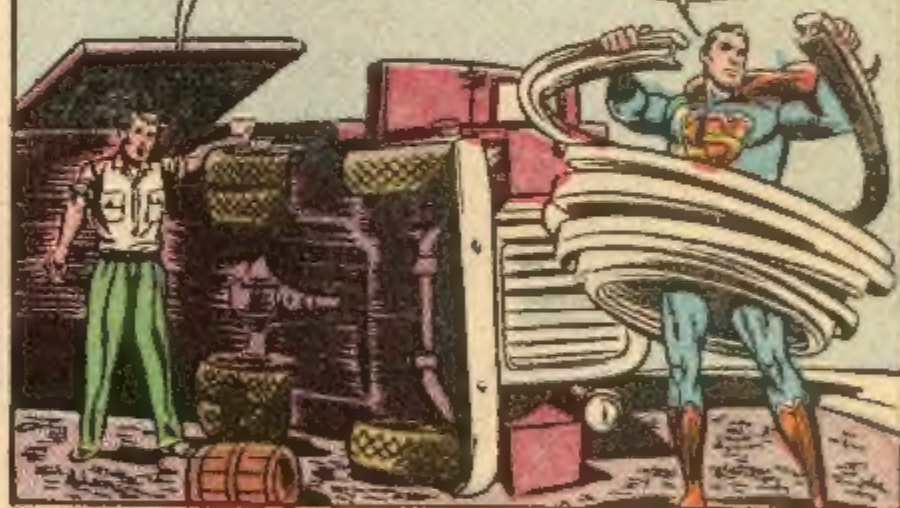
...MY TELESCOPIC VISION HAS...

...SEEN A TRUCK CRASHING!



SUPERMAN, MY TRUCK HAS SPILLED NAILS ALL OVER THE STREET! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM ALL OR THEY'LL CAUSE TIRE BLOWOUTS IN OTHER CARS!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL WIND THIS DISCARDED SECTION OF SUBWAY TRACK AROUND ME IN COILS!



BY SPINNING FAST, I CONVERT THE COILS INTO AN ELECTRO-MAGNET THAT WILL ATTRACT EVERY NAIL ON THE STREET!

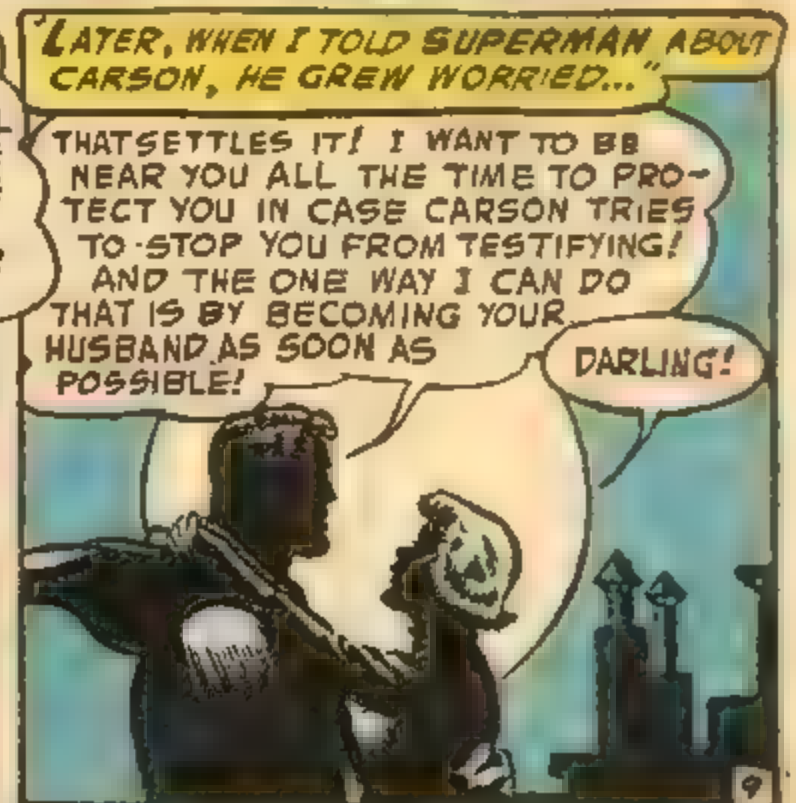
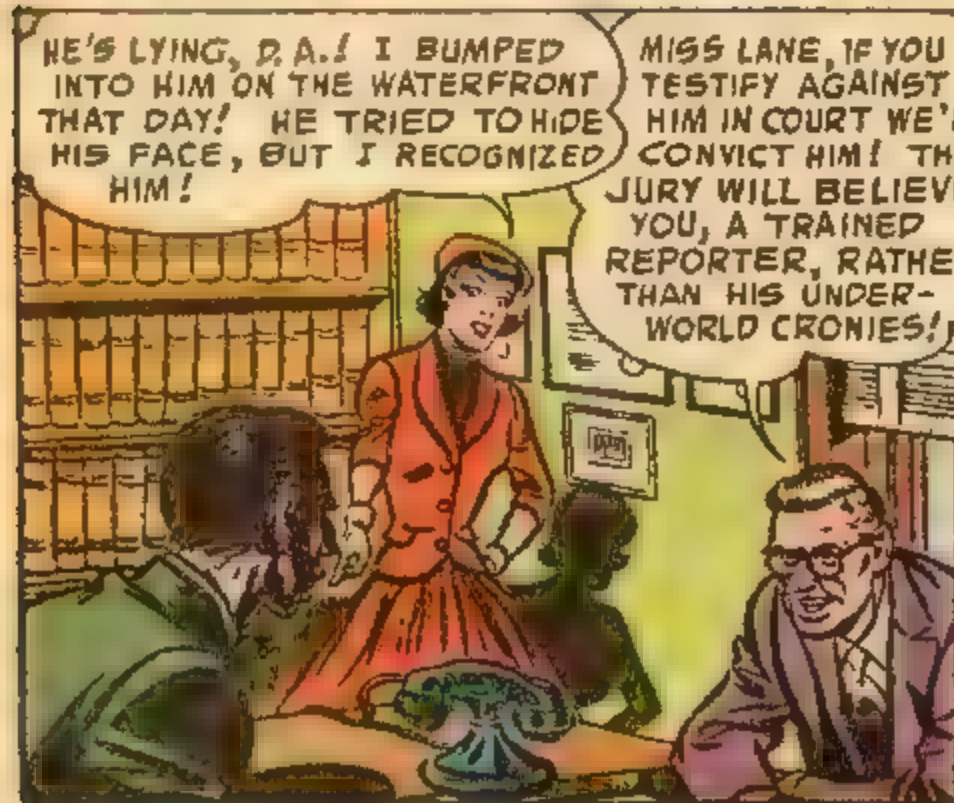
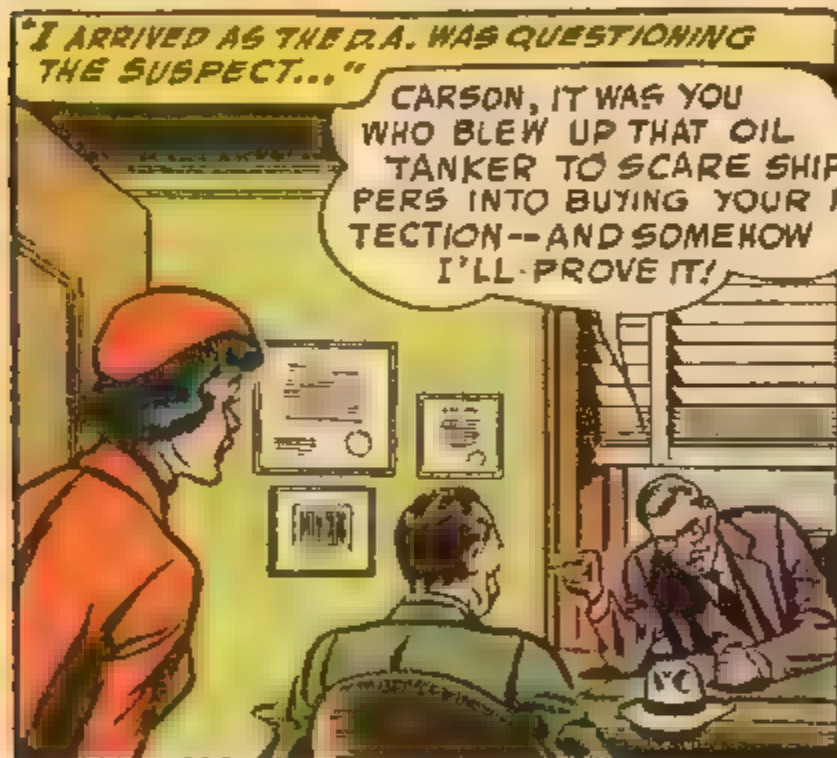
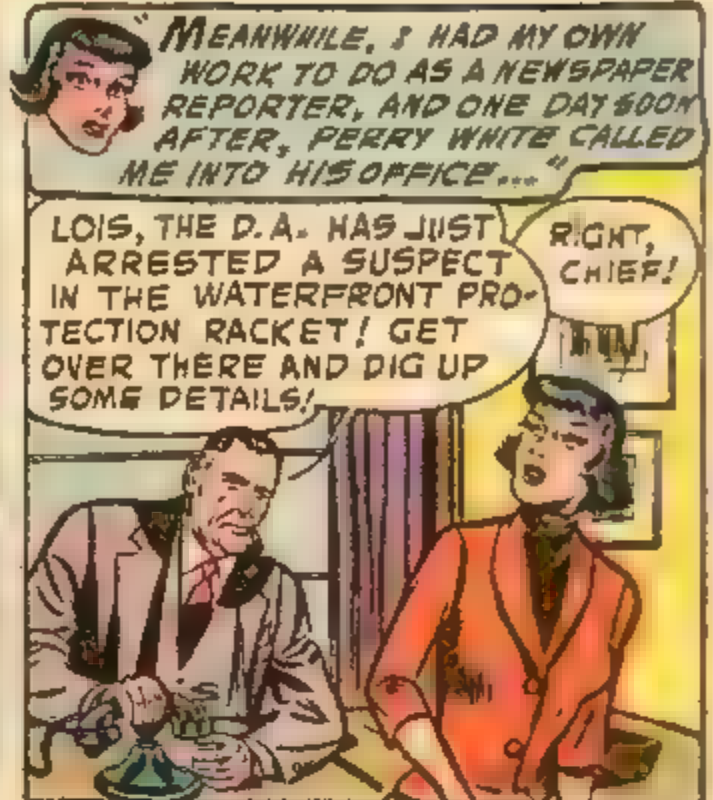
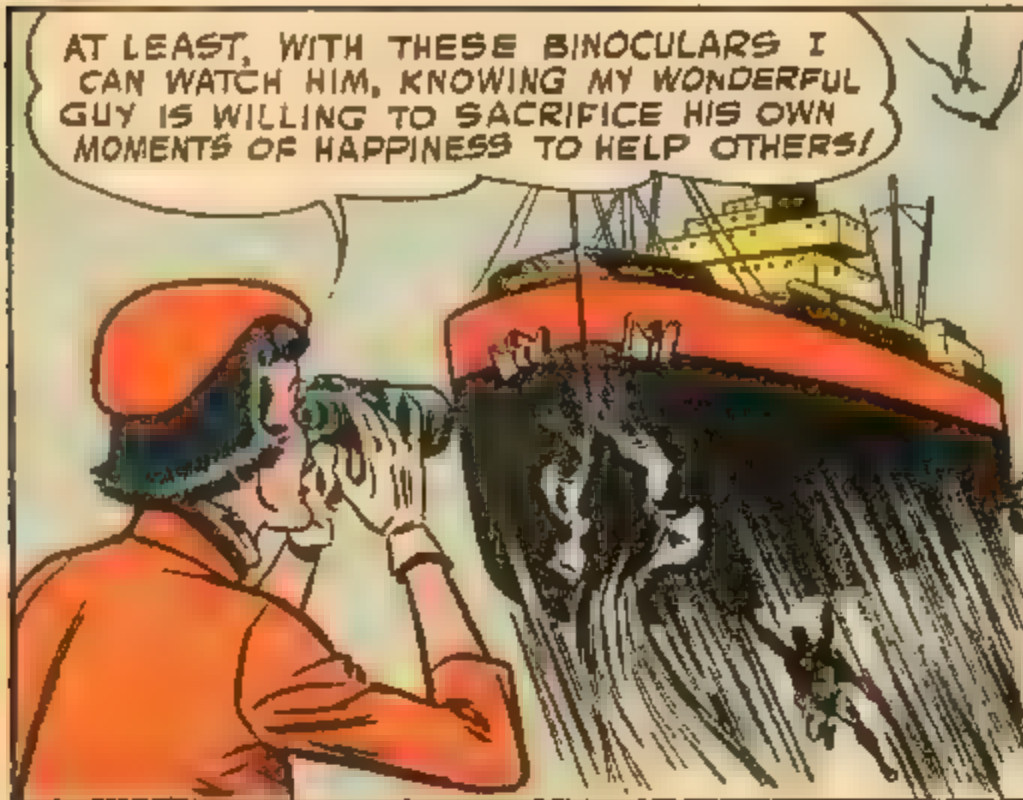


"THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT! IF IT WASN'T ONE THING, IT WAS ANOTHER..."

SORRY, HONEY--TROUBLE AGAIN!

SIGH! OH, DEAR, I MIGHT AS WELL BECOME RE-SIGNED TO YOUR DASHING OFF LIKE THIS!







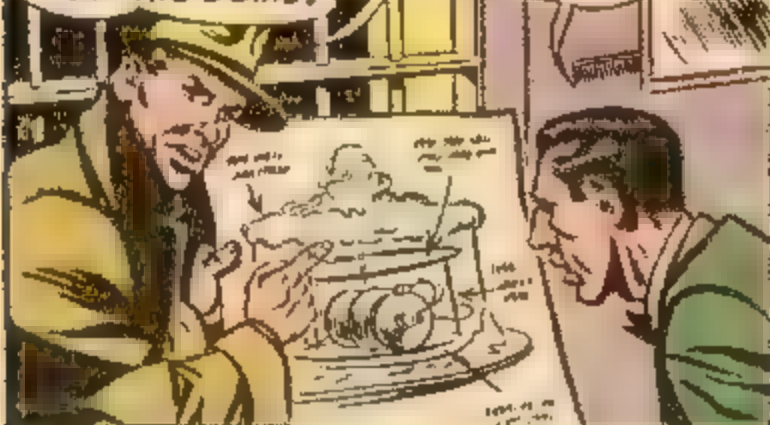
ACTION COMICS



"I MADE MY WEDDING PLANS--BUT I DIDN'T KNOW TILL LATER THAT CARSON WAS ALSO MAKING PLANS WITH A CROOKED CONFEDERATE."

IT'S SIMPLE! IT'LL ALL BE HIDDEN IN THE WEDDING CAKE! WHEN LOIS CUTS THE STRING, THE ALARM BELL WILL RING--AND SET OFF THE BOMB!

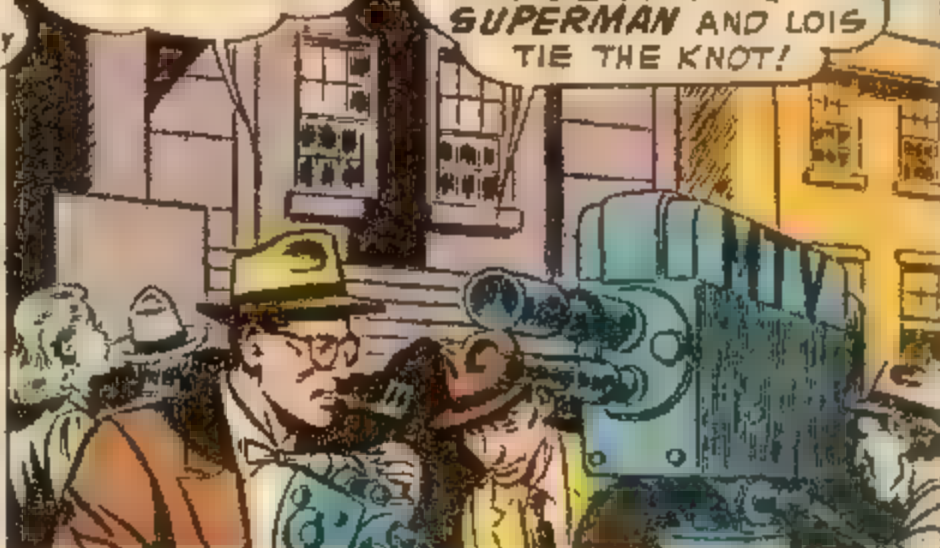
AND THAT'LL BE THE END OF MISS LOIS LANE AND HER TESTIMONY AGAINST ME!



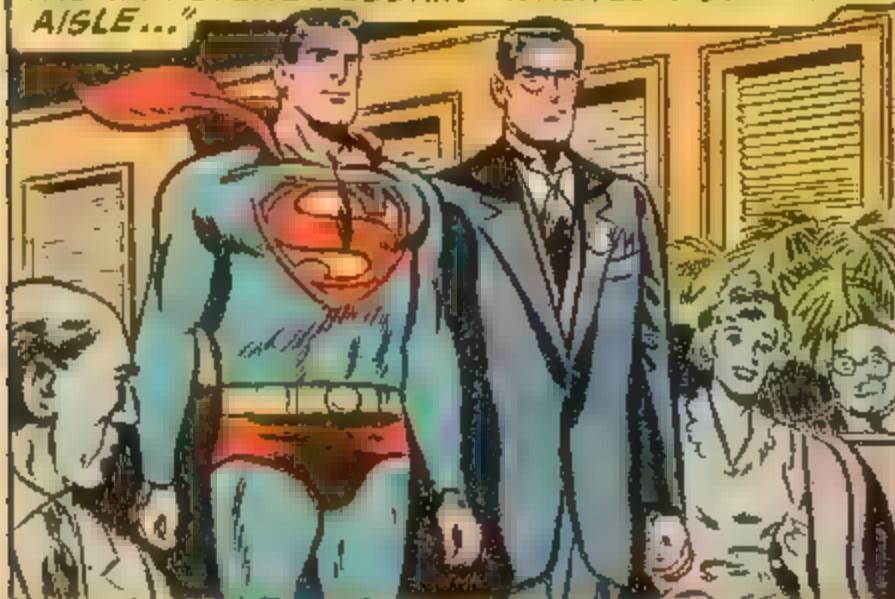
"THE BIG DAY FINALLY ARRIVED, AND CAMERA CREWS WERE EVERYWHERE, WAITING TO BROADCAST MY WEDDING TO THE TV AUDIENCE..."

WOW! EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE THIS WEDDING!

EVERYBODY WILL! MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WILL BE WATCHING SUPERMAN AND LOIS TIE THE KNOT!



"INSIDE THE CHURCH, THE GUESTS WERE HUSHED AND QUIET AS THE ORGAN PLAYED SOFTLY--AND THE BEST MAN, CLARK KENT, AND MY FUTURE HUSBAND WALKED DOWN THE AISLE..."



"AND THEN, AS THE ORGAN PLAYED 'HERE COMES THE BRIDE,' I WALKED TOWARD THEM AS CLARK AND SUPERMAN TURNED, WAITING..."

OH, GOLLY--MY KNEES ARE SHAKING SO!

OH, DOESN'T SHE MAKE A LOVELY BRIDE!

AHHH!



"AS I STOOD BESIDE SUPERMAN I WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO BREATHE, ALMOST AFRAID TO BELIEVE THIS WONDERFUL THING WAS REALLY HAPPENING TO ME..."

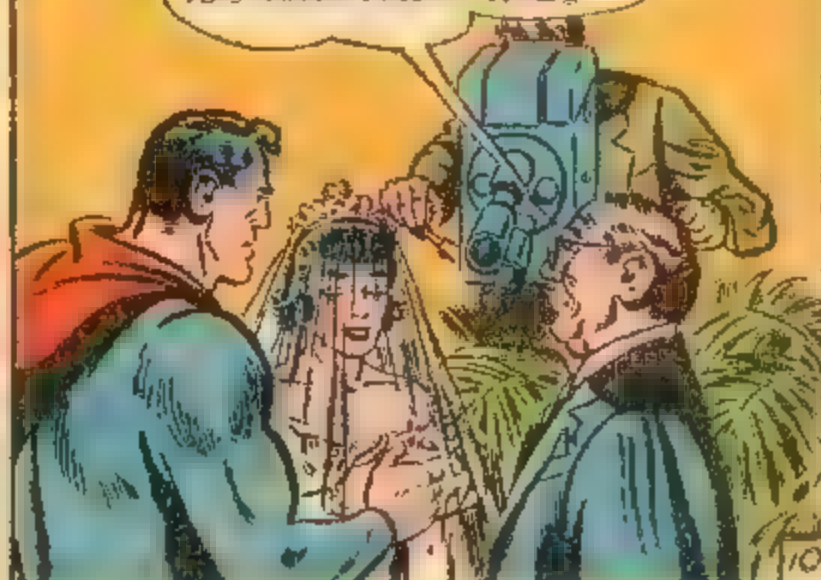
AND DO YOU, SUPERMAN, PROMISE TO LOVE, HONOR AND CHERISH THIS WOMAN SO LONG AS YOU BOTH SHALL LIVE?

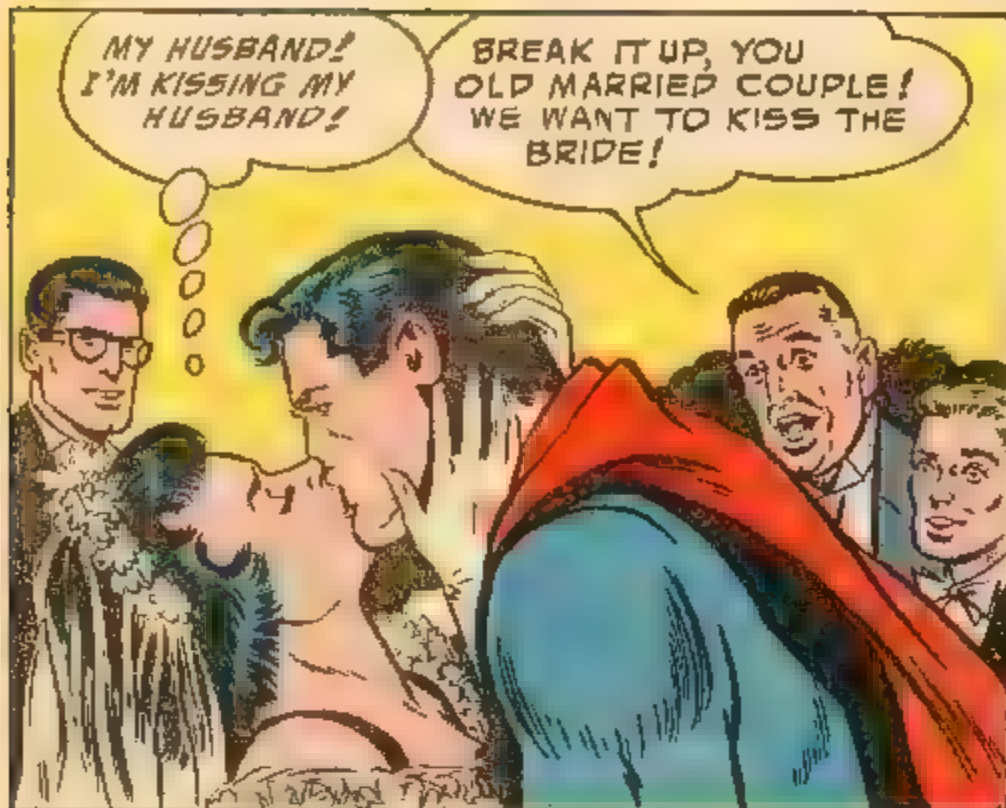
I DO!



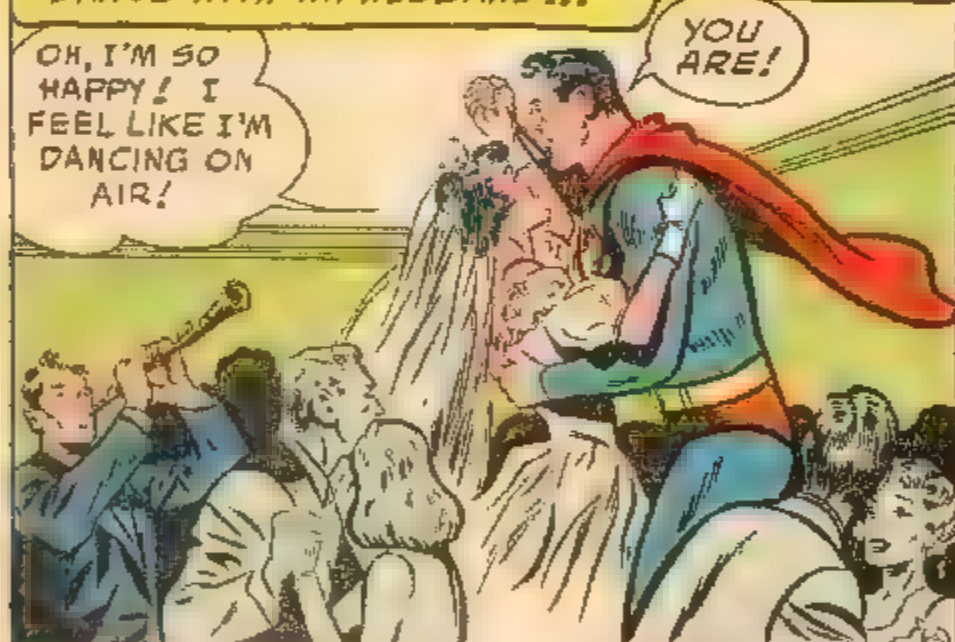
"THEN I FELT THE WEDDING RING SLIPPED ON MY FINGER, AND THE MINISTER SPOKE THE WORDS I'D WAITED TO HEAR FOR SO LONG..."

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

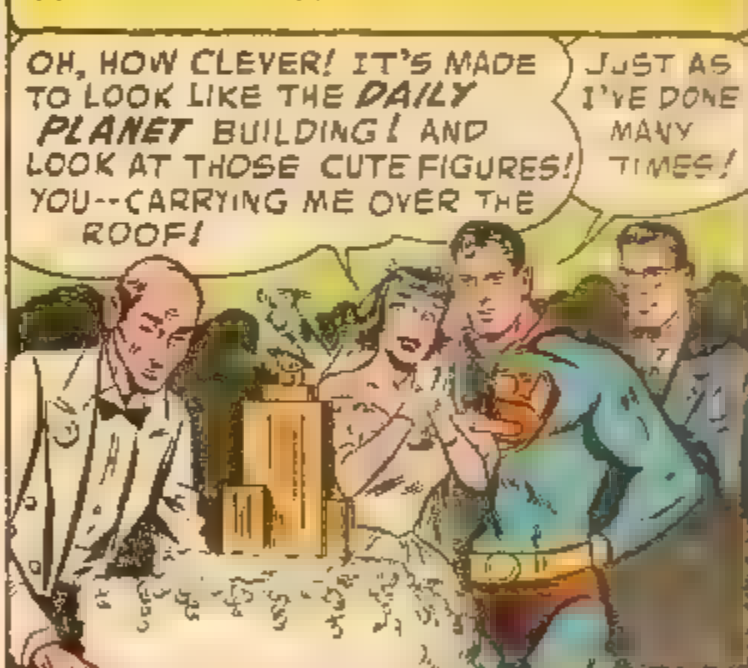




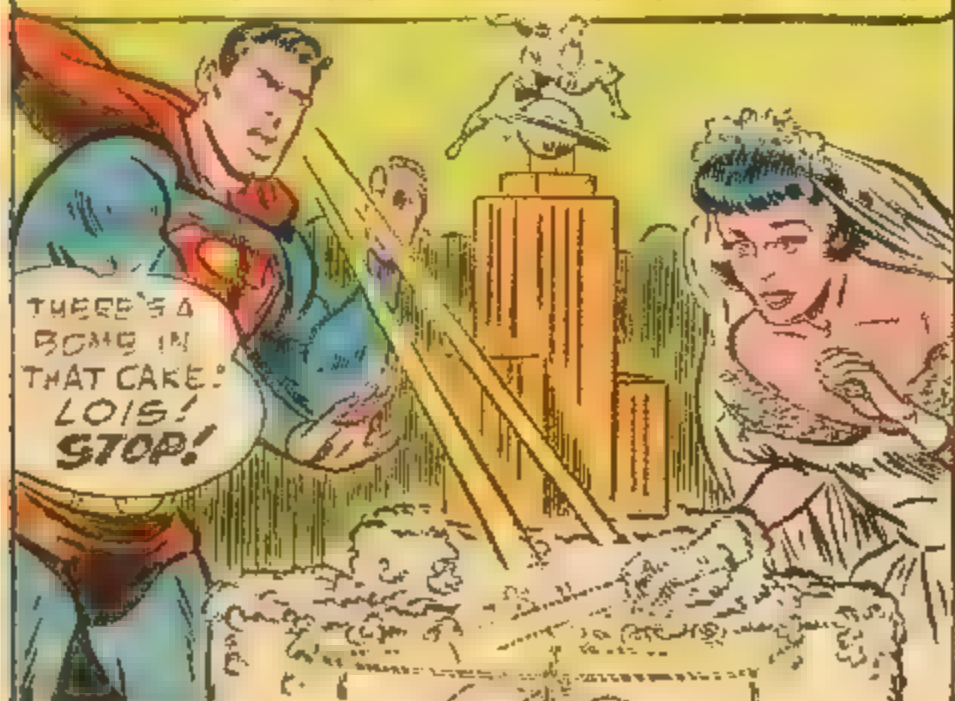
LATER, WE HAD THE WEDDING BANQUET AND AS THE ORCHESTRA PLAYED, I DANCED THE FIRST DANCE WITH MY HUSBAND...



AFTERWARD, THE WAITERS BROUGHT IN A PERFECTLY HUGE WEDDING CAKE.

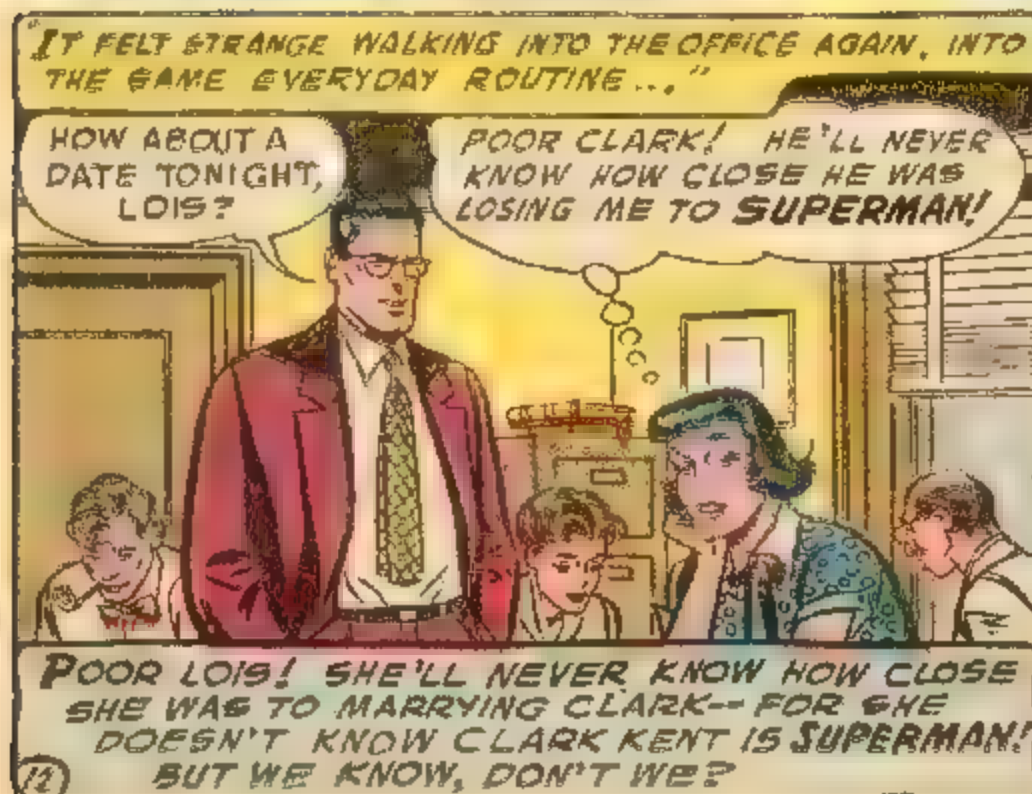
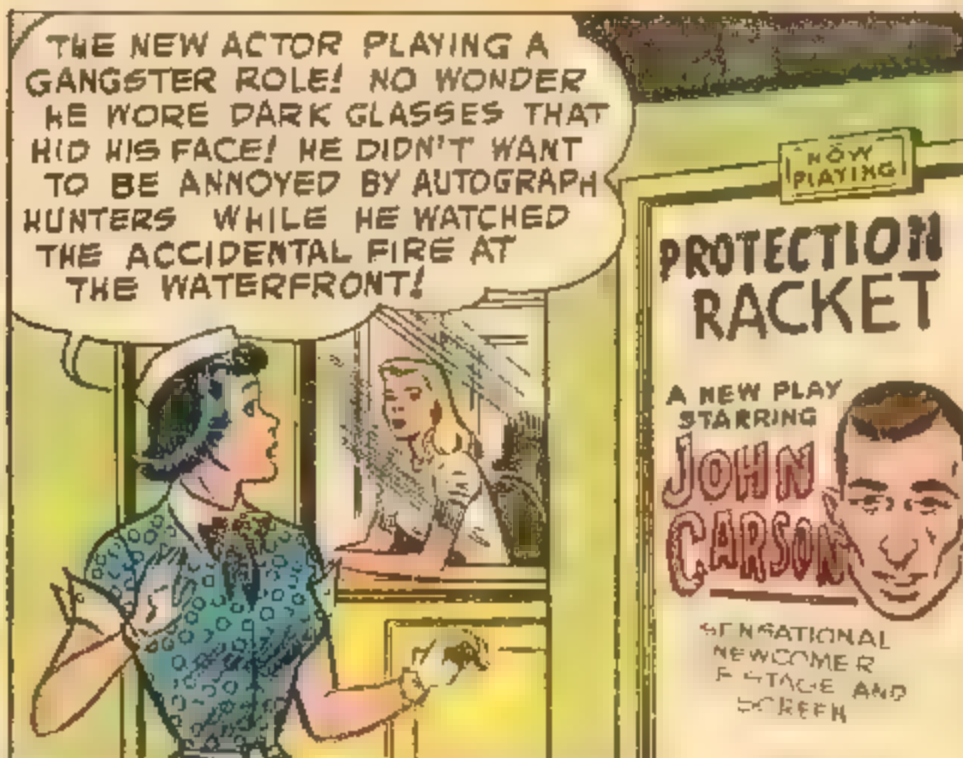
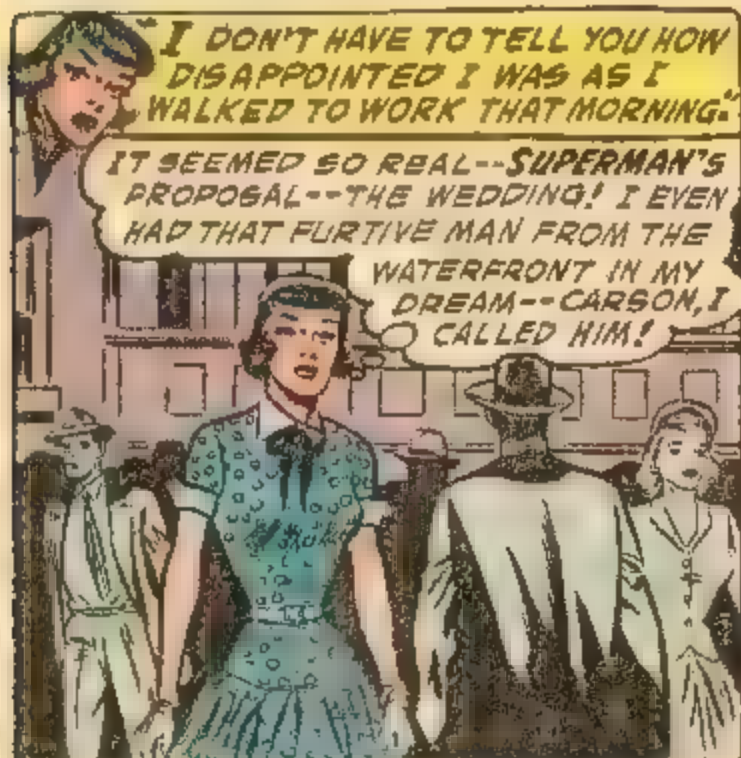
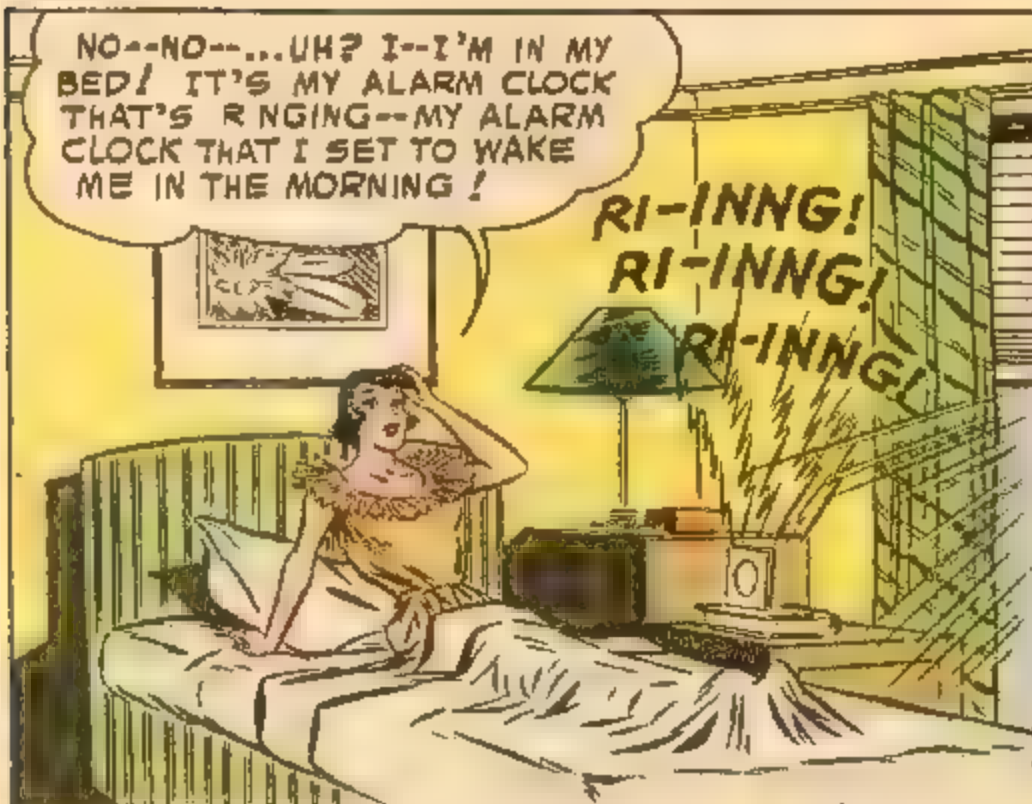


IT'S TRADITIONAL FOR THE BRIDE TO CUT THE CAKE, AND AS I STARTED TO BRING THE KNIFE DOWN...

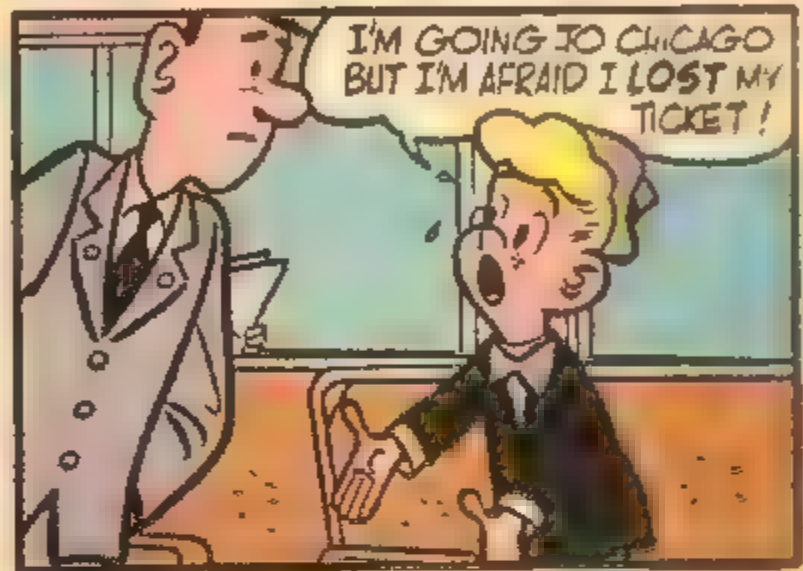
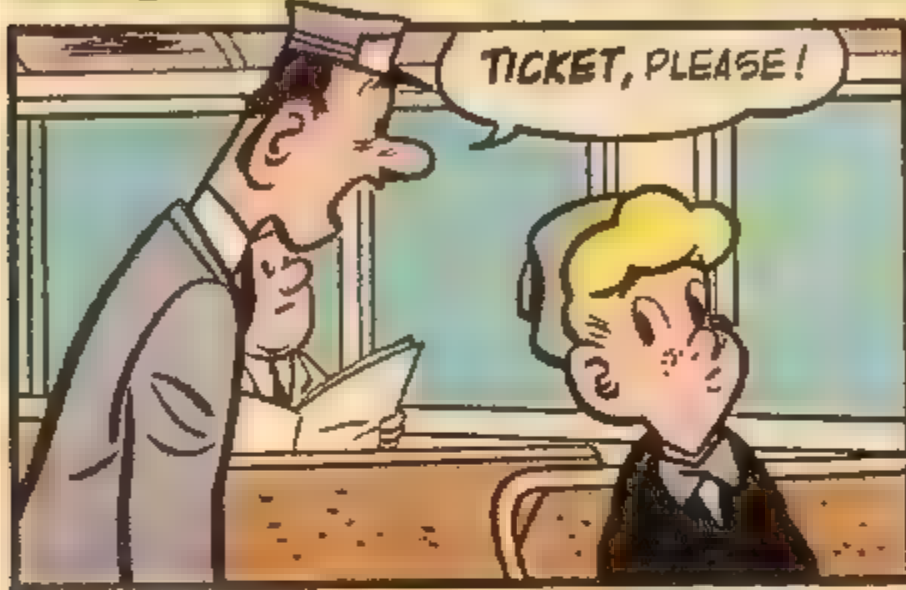
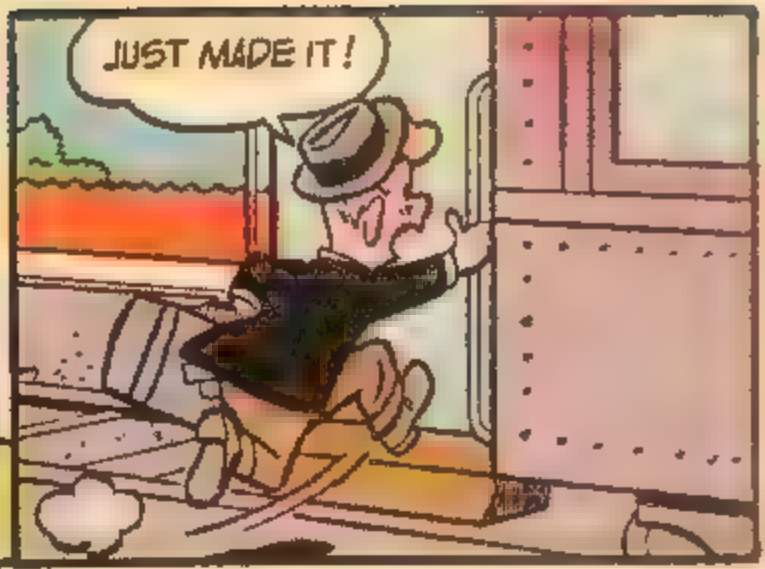


BUT HIS WARNING CRY WAS TOO LATE, THE KNIFE SLICED THROUGH THE TRIGGER CORD AND I HEARD THE TIME-CLOCK BELL PEAL LOUDLY...





SHORTY



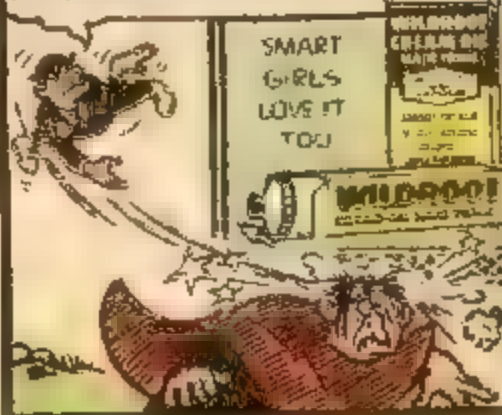
ADVERTISEMENT

FEARLESS FOSDICK by Al Capp

("I'M PHONIO, THE CRIMINAL HYPNOTIST!!") - FOSDICK!! - WE'RE BOTH BIRDS - RIGHT?



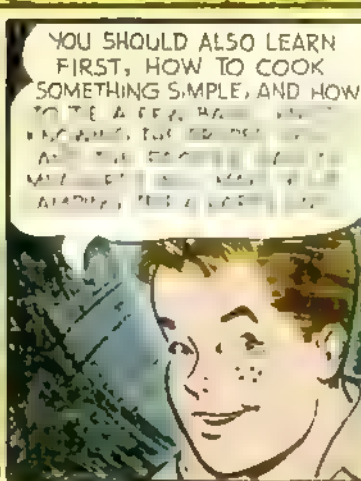
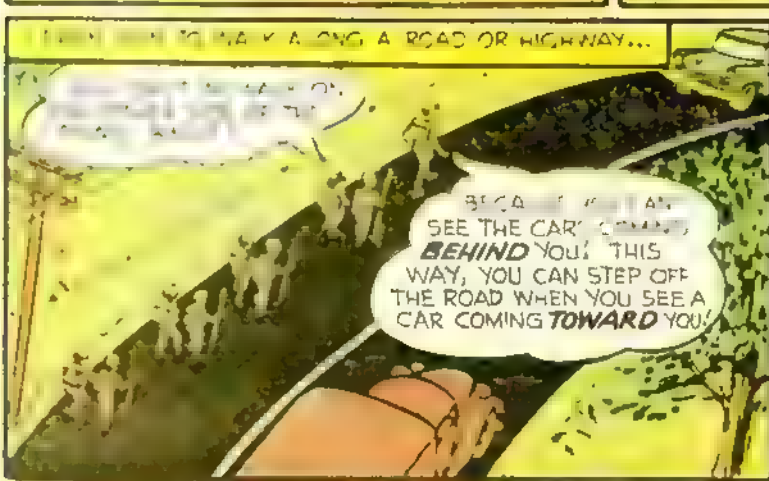
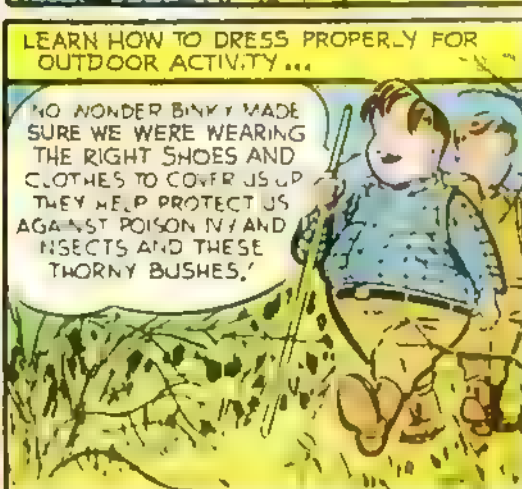
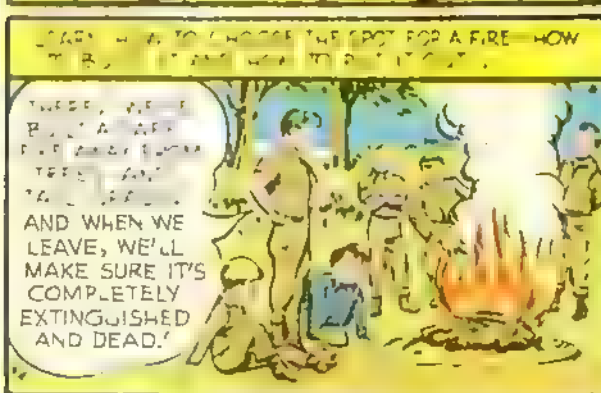
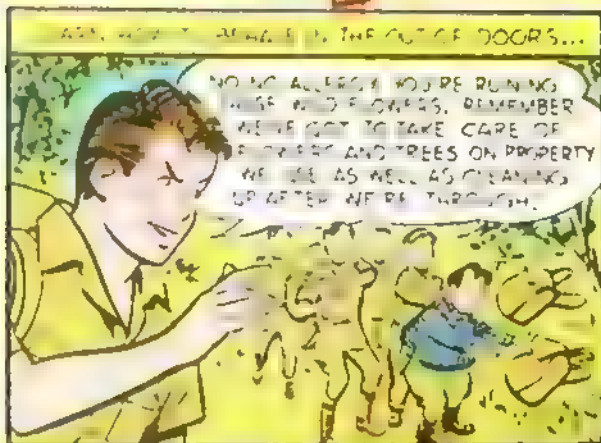
NOT TILL YOU COMB YOUR MESSY FEATHERS WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AMERICA'S FAVORITE!



KEEPS HAIR - CHIRPS - NEAT! REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF!! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!



Binky gives "TIPS ON CAMPING!"





Tommy TOMORROW

SEEMS TO BE
A DESERTED SPACE
SHIP WITH NO LIVING
PERSON
ABOARD!

THEN WHERE
IS THAT VOICE
COMING
FROM?

HALT!
LEAVE WHILE YOU
CAN! FOR WE
ARE SPEEDING
INTO THE UN-
KNOWN!

FROM THE FURTHEST DEPTHS OF
SPACE IT COMES-- AND INTO THE
VASTNESS OF OUTER SPACE IT
VANISHES AGAIN! WHAT IS THIS STRANGE
SILENT SHIP THAT PASSES EARTH,
GIVEN AN ESCORT THROUGH DANGER
BY TOMMY TOMORROW, SO THAT IT
CAN ACCOMPLISH ITS MYSTERIOUS...

DESTINATION FUTURE!

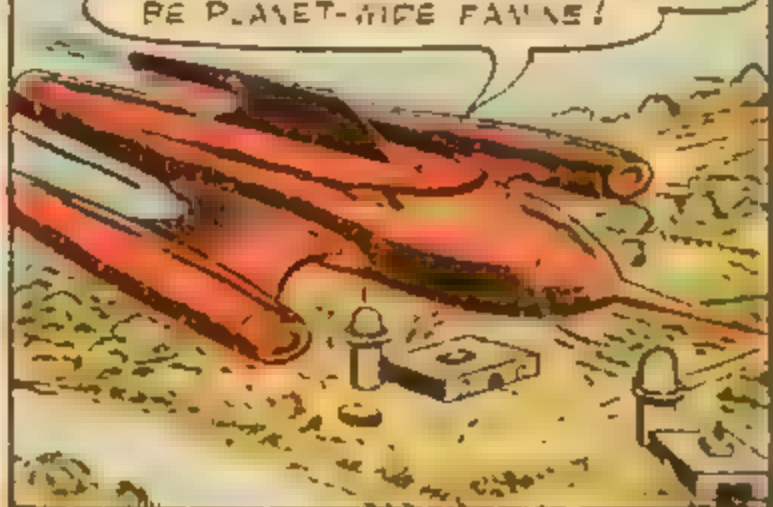
A MESSAGE OF MERCY, IN THE YEAR 2055 WAS
CALLED TO LOVED TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS
AUNT, CATHY, ABOUT 1937, TO A STAR LINE
CATER 1937.

THESE PEOPLE ARE
ON THE VERGE OF
STARVATION, TOMMY!

WE'LL EFFORT TO PLANETEER
HEADQUARTERS THAT MANY
MORE FOOD SHIPMENTS ARE
NEEDED HERE ON NEW EARTH.
BRENT!

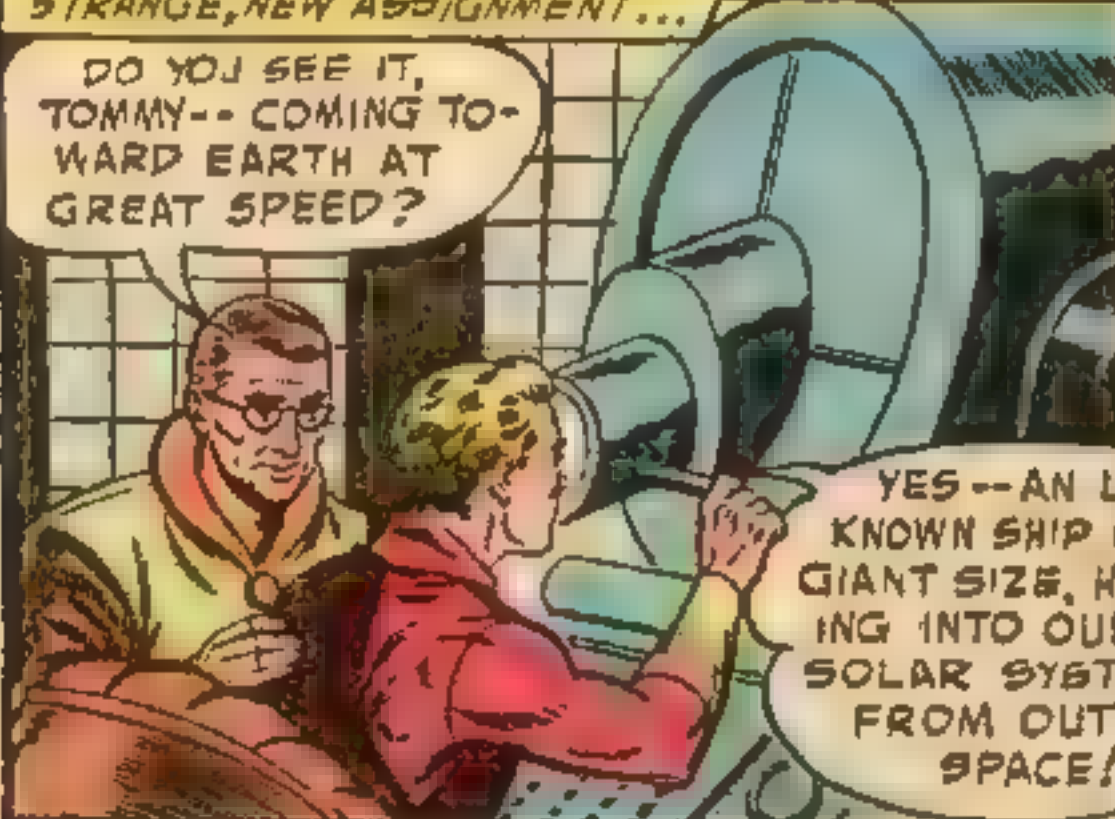
AND WHEN TOMMY'S FAMED SHIP, THE
SPACE ACE, TAKES OFF ON ITS
RESCUE MISSION.

ON EARTH ARE
IN ALE TO DESTROY THE SPACE
SPORES WHICH PLANTED NEW
EARTH'S CROPS! IF THE PLANT
KEEPS SPREADING, THERE'LL SOON
BE PLANET-WIDE FAMINE!



AFTER HIS TRAGIC REPORT, TOMMY IS CALLED TO THE PLANETEERS' ASTRONOMICAL STATION FOR A STRANGE, NEW ASSIGNMENT...

DO YOU SEE IT, TOMMY-- COMING TOWARD EARTH AT GREAT SPEED?



YES--AN UNKNOWN SHIP OF GIANT SIZE, HEADING INTO OUR SOLAR SYSTEM FROM OUTER SPACE!

IT'S ICE-COATED, AS IT'S BEEN CRUISING THROUGH COLD, SUNLESS SPACE FOR A LONG TIME! IS IT FRIENDLY OR HOSTILE?

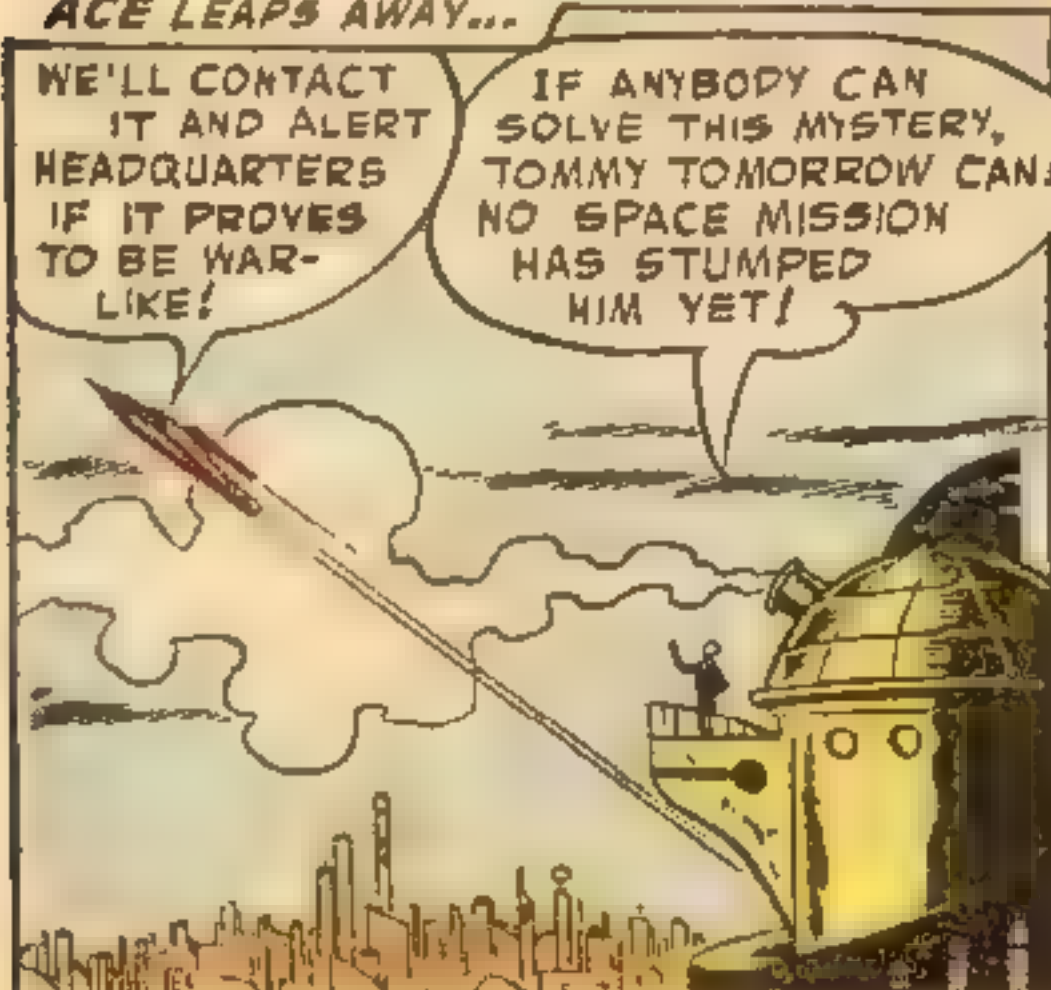
THAT'S FOR YOU TO FIND OUT, TOMMY! SO FAR, IT HAS IGNORED ALL OUR RADIO REQUESTS FOR IDENTIFICATION!



SO MINUTES LATER, AS THE SPEEDY SPACE ACE LEAPS AWAY...

WE'LL CONTACT IT AND ALERT HEADQUARTERS IF IT PROVES TO BE WAR-LIKE!

IF ANYBODY CAN SOLVE THIS MYSTERY, TOMMY TOMORROW CAN! NO SPACE MISSION HAS STUMPED HIM YET!



BUT AT CLOSE RANGE, TOMMY STILL FINDS THE QUEER CRAFT A PUZZLE...

AHOY! IDENTIFY YOURSELVES! PLANETEERS CALLING... IDENTIFY PLEASE!...

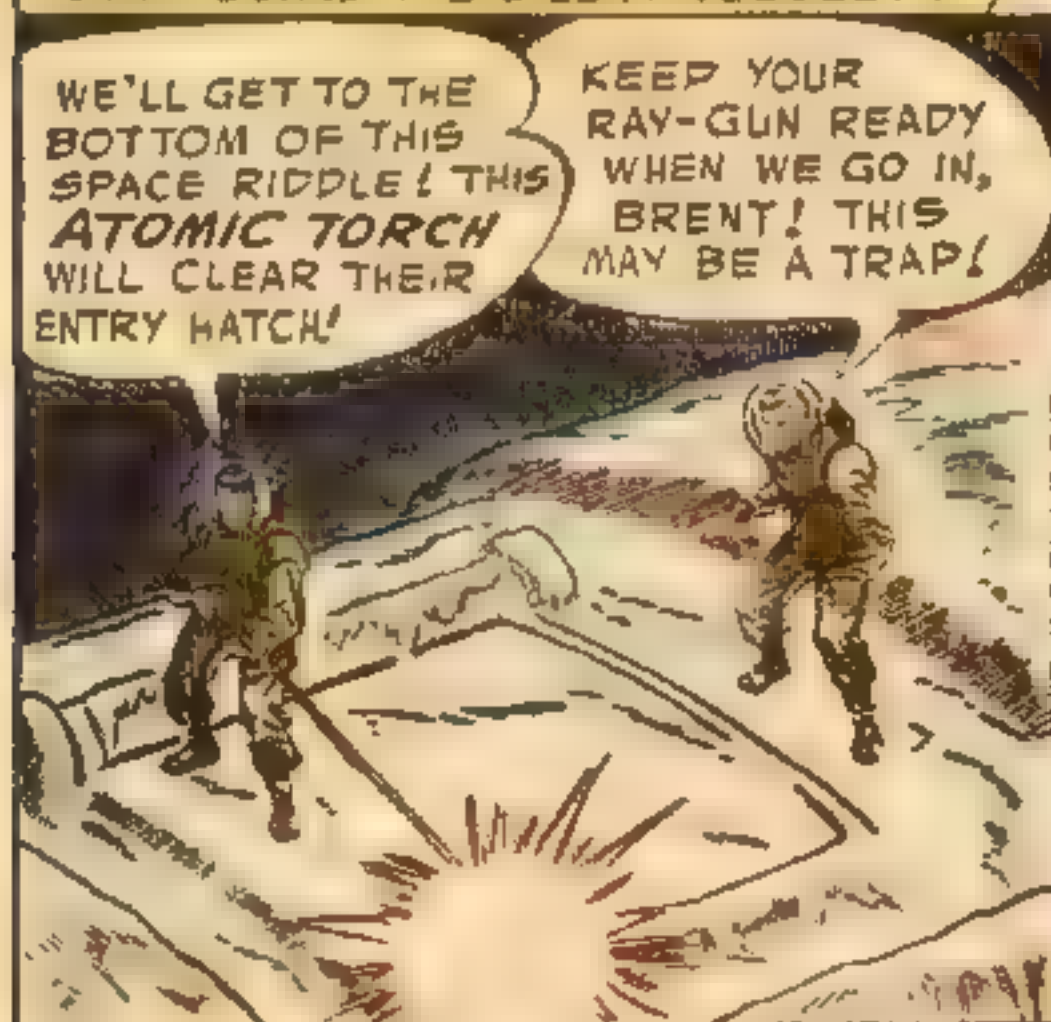
NO ANSWER, TOMMY! MAYBE IT'S A DERELICT SHIP WITH A DEAD CREW ABOARD!



DONNING SPACE SUITS, THE TWO FRIENDS SOON BOARD THE SILENT VESSEL...

WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS SPACE RIDDLE! THIS ATOMIC TORCH WILL CLEAR THEIR ENTRY HATCH!

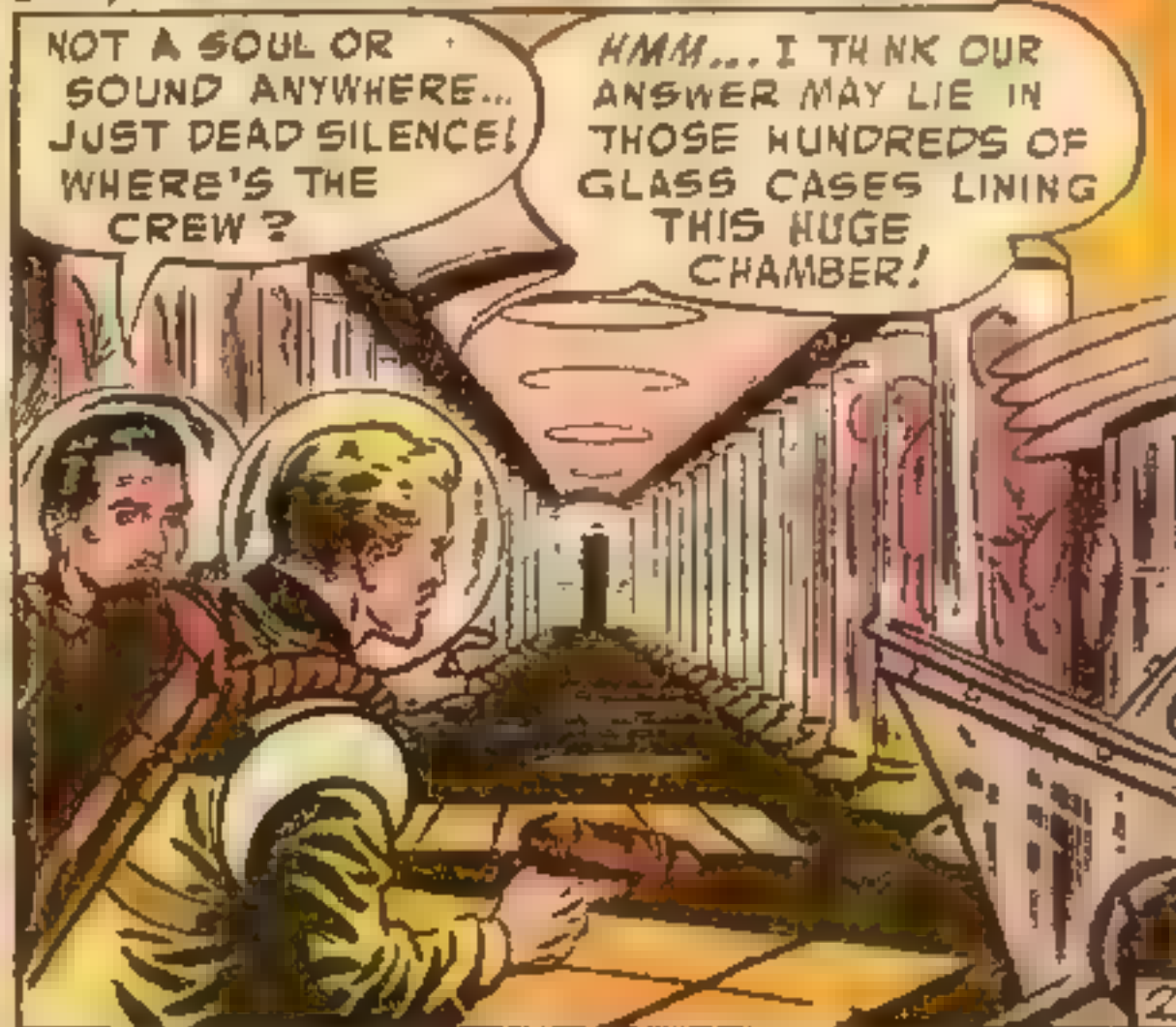
KEEP YOUR RAY-GUN READY WHEN WE GO IN, BRENT! THIS MAY BE A TRAP!

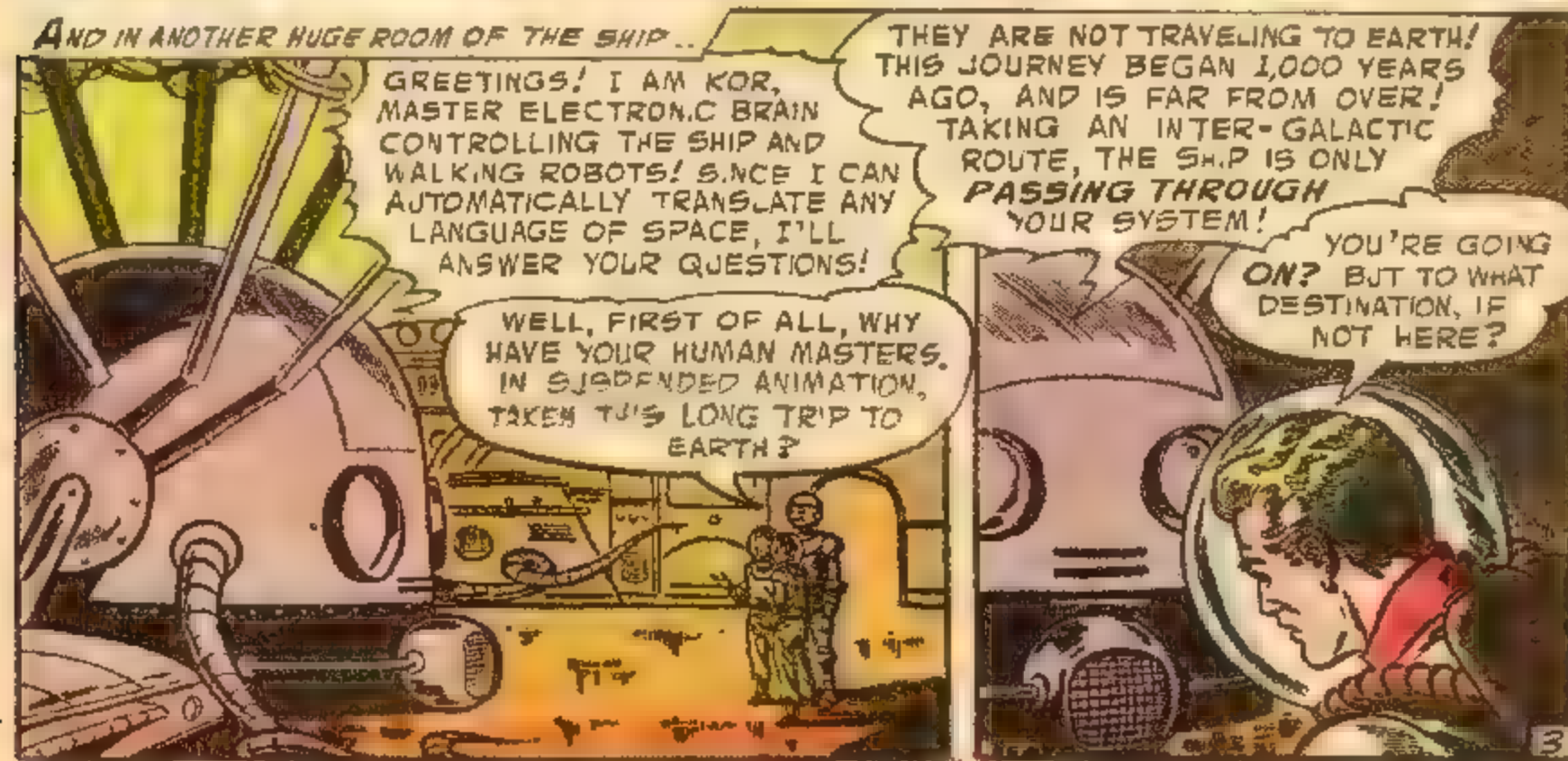
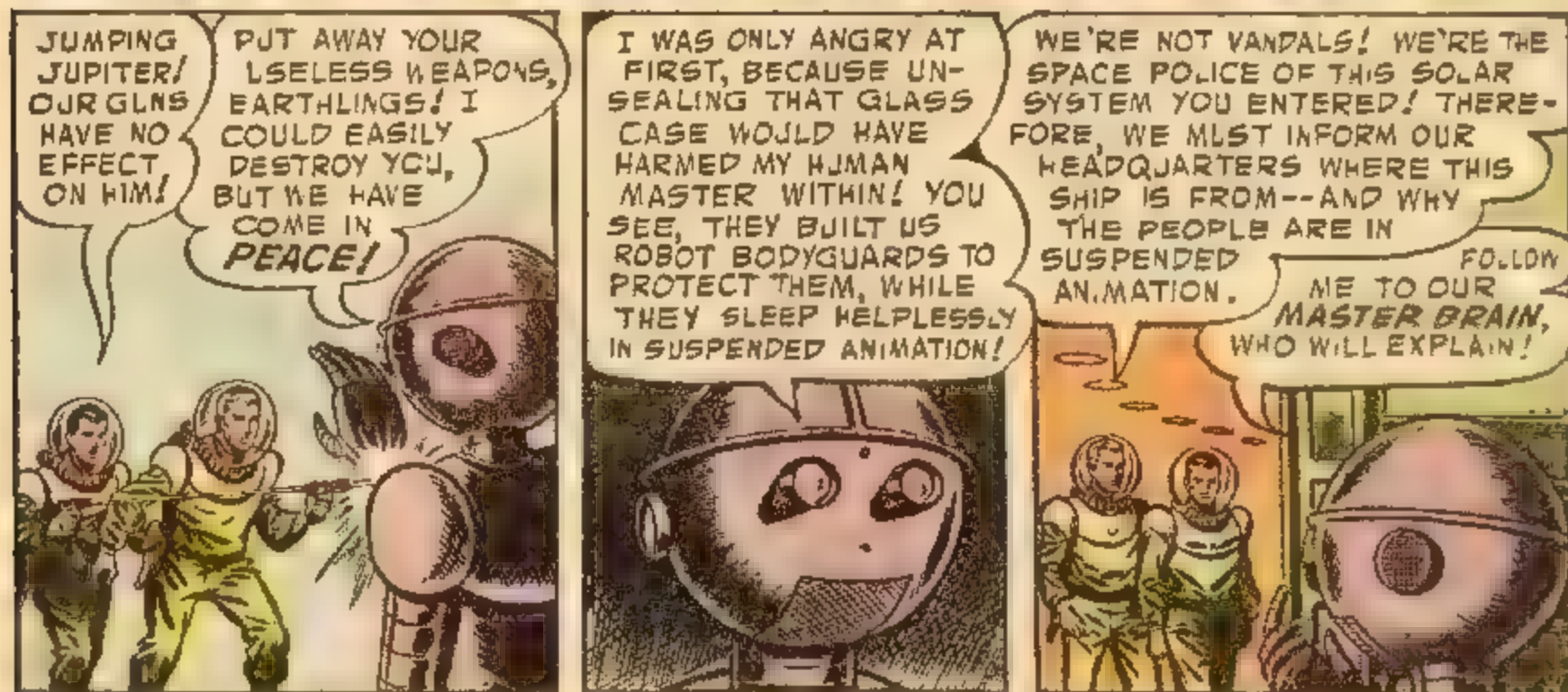
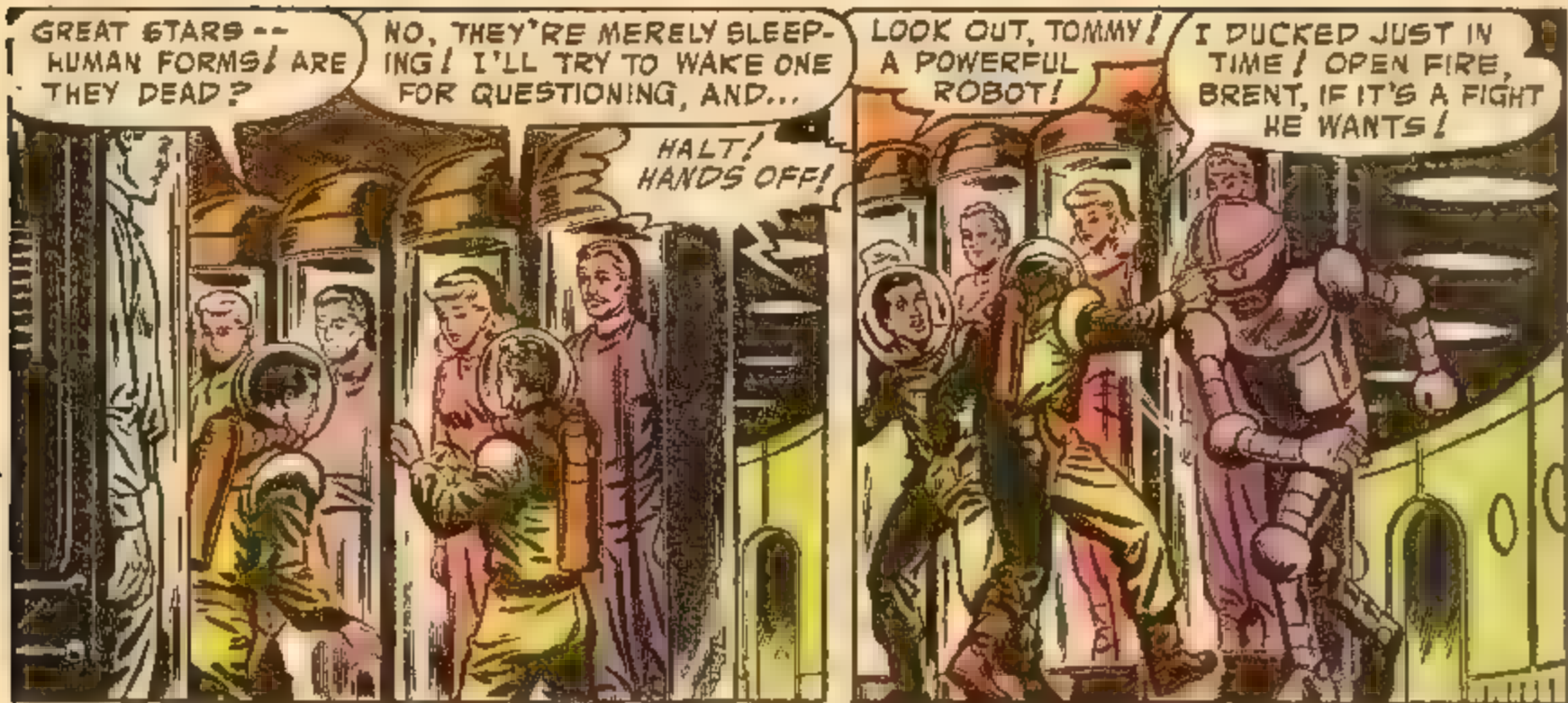


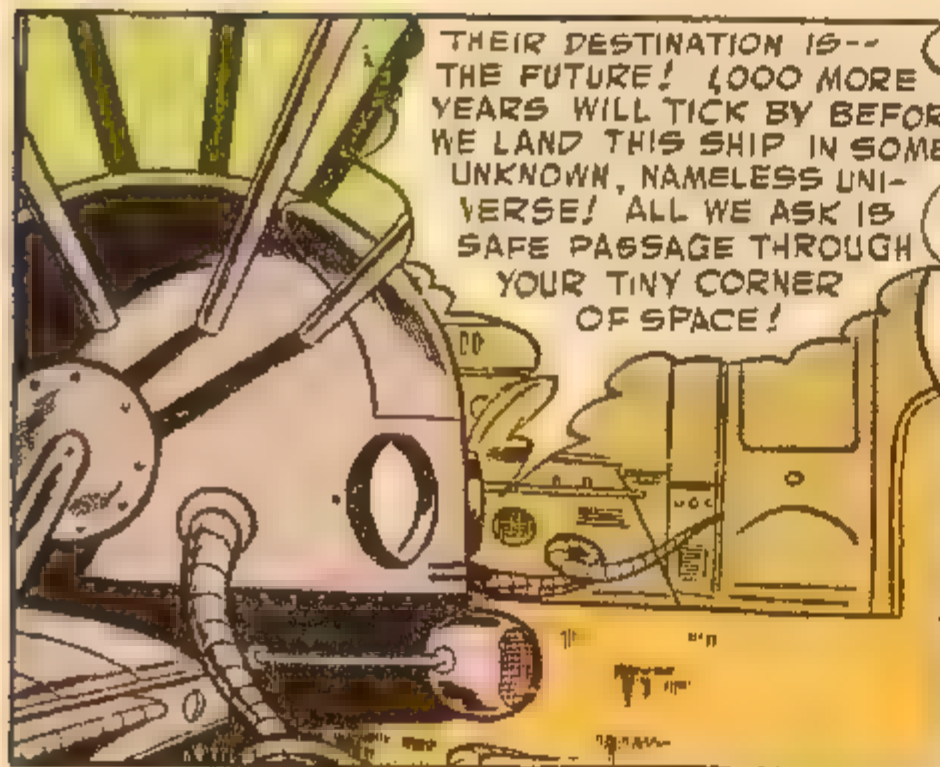
BUT, FAR MORE MYSTIFYING THAN A TRAP...

NOT A SOUL OR SOUND ANYWHERE... JUST DEAD SILENCE! WHERE'S THE CREW?

HMM... I THINK OUR ANSWER MAY LIE IN THOSE HUNDREDS OF GLASS CASES LINING THIS HUGE CHAMBER!







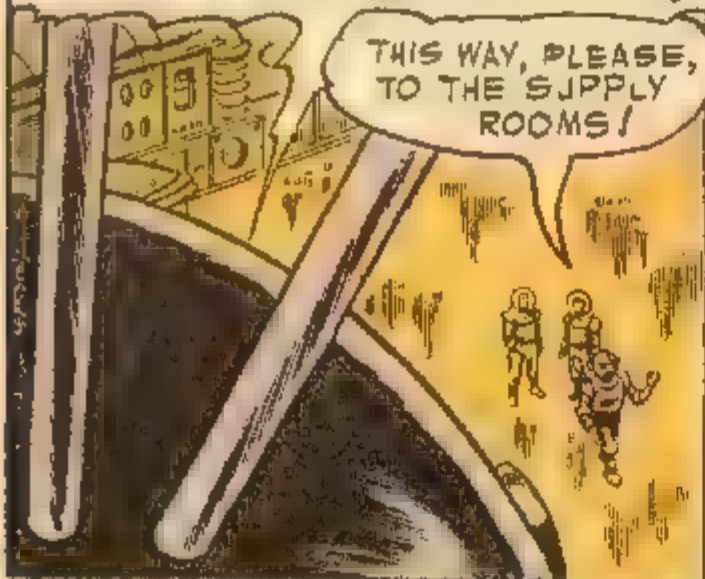
THEIR DESTINATION IS--
THE FUTURE! 1,000 MORE
YEARS WILL TICK BY BEFORE
WE LAND THIS SHIP IN SOME
UNKNOWN, NAMELESS UNI-
VERSE! ALL WE ASK IS
SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH
YOUR TINY CORNER
OF SPACE!

THIS IS THE MOST
FANTASTIC THING
WE'VE EVER
COME ACROSS,
TOMMY! IMAGINE A
SHIP SPEEDING FOR
CENTURIES TOWARD
SOME QUEER *DESTINA-
TION FUTURE!*
MY HEAD'S
SWIMMING!

FORGET IT, BRENT!
OUR JOB IS JUST TO
ESCORT THEM, UN-
MOLESTED, TO THE
OUTER LIMITS OF
OUR SPACE BEAT,
SINCE THEY HAVE
NOTHING TO DO
WITH EARTH
AT ALL!



THANKS, EARTHLING! YOU ARE
HONEST PEOPLE AND NOT A "ROBBER
UNIVERSE," SUCH AS OTHERS
THROUGH WHICH WE FOUGHT OUR
WAY! TO SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY, KLAK
WILL GLIDE YOU THROUGH OUR SHIP!



THIS WAY, PLEASE,
TO THE SUPPLY
ROOMS!

WONDERS UNFOLD IN THE SHIP OF AGE-LONG SLEEPERS...

AT THE GREAT AWAKENING, THESE
CLOTHES ARE READY FOR OUR
HUMAN MASTERS!

GOSH--CLOTHES
THAT WON'T BE WORN FOR
ANOTHER 1,000
YEARS!



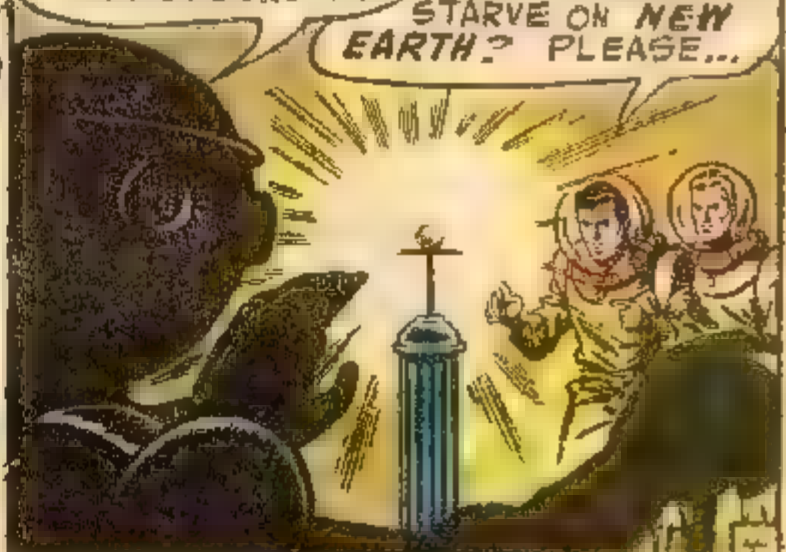
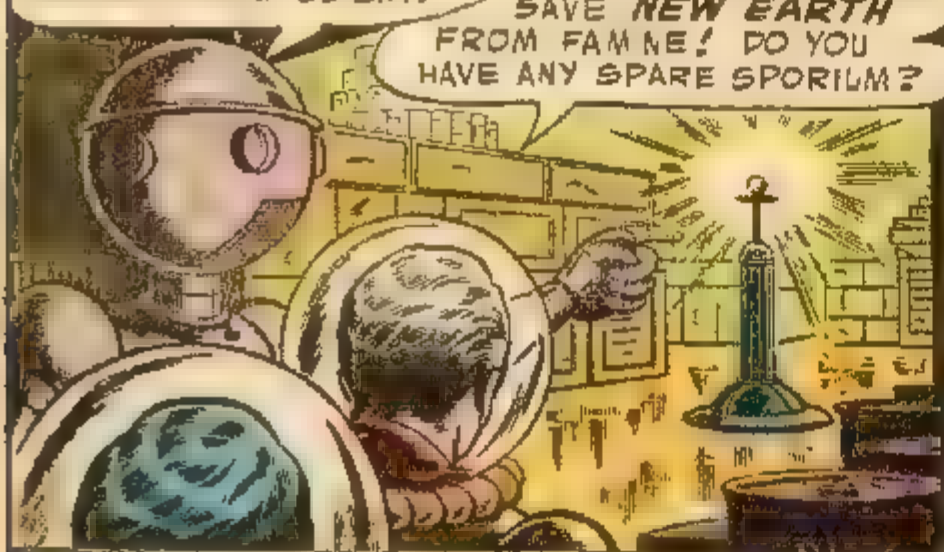
BUT THE BIGGEST--AND HAPPIEST--SURPRISE IS
YET TO COME...

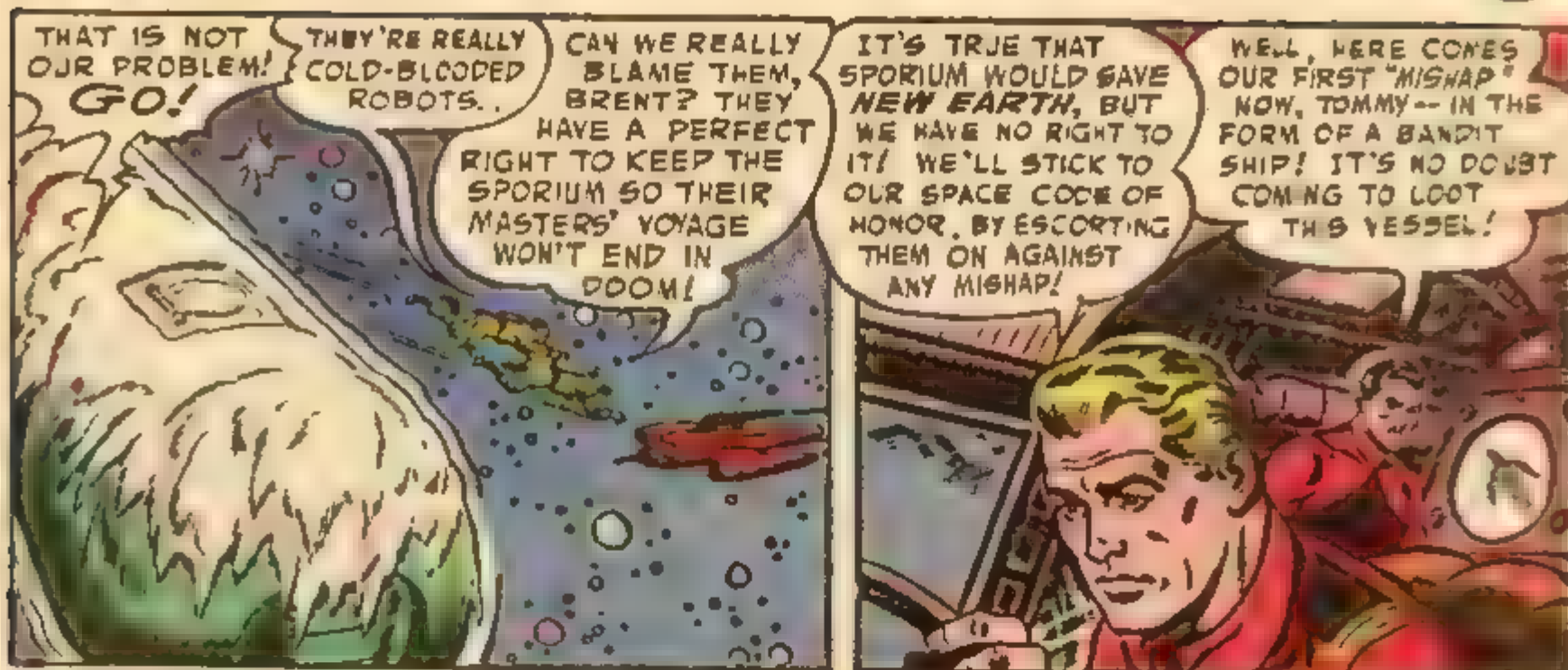
NOTICE THAT THESE FOOD
STOCKS ARE PROTECTED
BY *SPORIUM* RADIATIONS,
FROM ANY ATTACK OF THE
SPACE SPORE BLIGHT!

YOU MEAN, THAT
GLOWING ELEMENT
CAN *DESTROY* THE
SPACE SPORES? WHY--
THEN--IT COULD ALSO
SAVE *NEW EARTH*
FROM FAMINE! DO YOU
HAVE ANY SPARE *SPORIUM*?

NO, AND HANDS OFF!
IT IS EXTREMELY RARE!
WE HAVE ONLY ENOUGH
TO PROTECT OUR
MASTERS' FOOD!
WE CANNOT SPARE
ONE SPECK! GO!

BUT THAT'S
HARD-HEARTED!
IS IT FAIR TO
SAVE ONLY A
FEW PEOPLE
HERE--WHILE
MANY THOUSANDS
STARVE ON *NEW
EARTH*? PLEASE...





THAT IS NOT
OUR PROBLEM!
GO!

THEY'RE REALLY
COLD-BLOODED
ROBOTS...

CAN WE REALLY
BLAME THEM,
BRENT? THEY
HAVE A PERFECT
RIGHT TO KEEP THE
SPORIUM SO THEIR
MASTERS' VOYAGE
WON'T END IN
DOOM!

IT'S TRUE THAT
SPORIUM WOULD SAVE
NEW EARTH, BUT
WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO
IT! WE'LL STICK TO
OUR SPACE CODE OF
HONOR, BY ESCORTING
THEM ON AGAINST
ANY MISHAP!

WELL, HERE COMES
OUR FIRST "MISHAP"
NOW, TOMMY-- IN THE
FORM OF A BANDIT
SHIP! IT'S NO DOUBT
COMING TO LOOT
THIS VESSEL!

THEY'VE GOT US OUTNUMBERED,
SO THIS REQUIRES STRATEGY!
A BRIGHT, HOT MAGNESIUM-
FLARE WILL MELT THE ICE,
LEAVING A TRAIL OF VAPOR
THAT WILL CAMOUFLAGE
OUR FRIENDS!

SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE SPACE
PIRATES DRAW WITHIN FIRING
RANGE...

THE SHIP WE SPOTTED BY
RADAR IS GONE... IT MUST
HAVE COLLIDED WITH THAT
COMET! WHAT ROTTEN
LUCK... TURN BACK!

Other "problems" crop up
too, as the journey continues

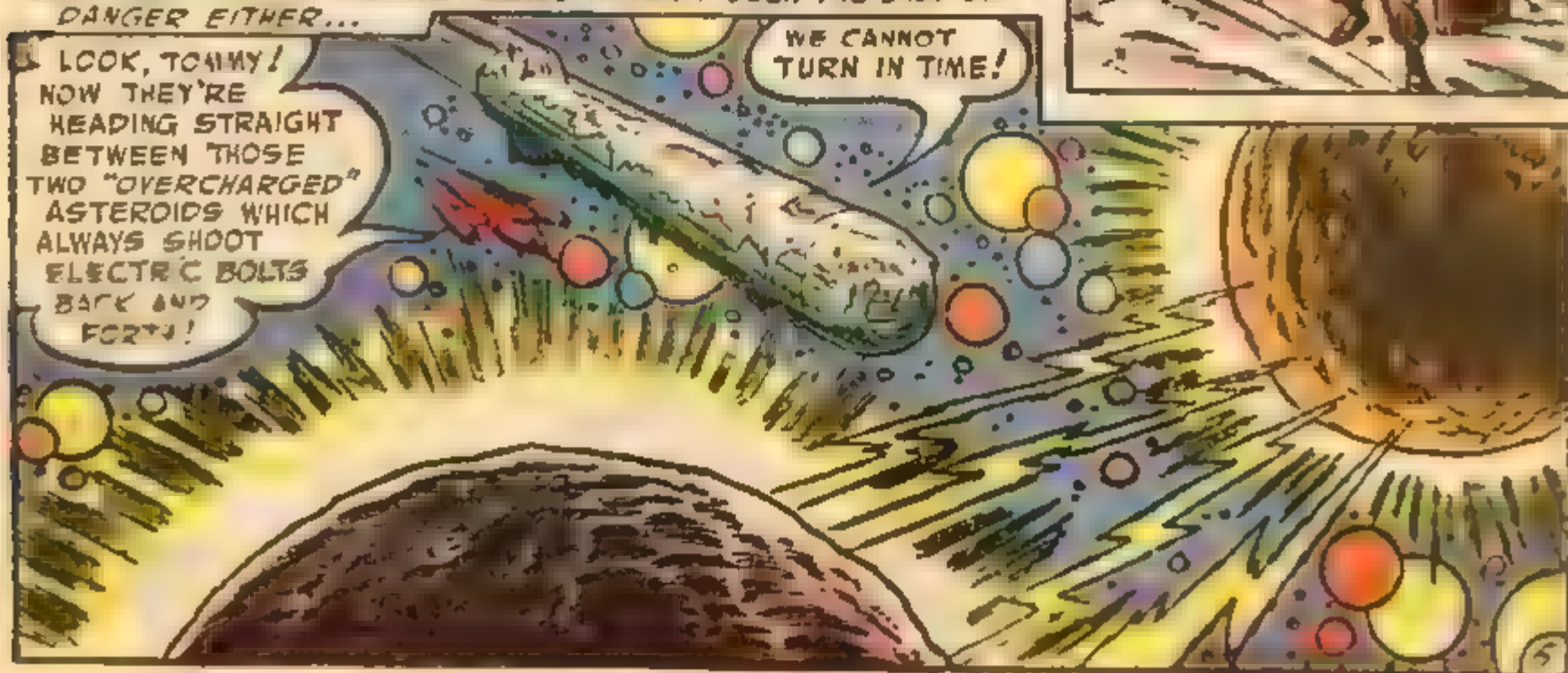
WHAT'S THIS?... AN EAGER
YOUNG STOWAWAY, TRYING TO
HITCH A RIDE INTO OUTER
SPACE? WELL, IT WON'T
STOP TRAVELING FOR
1,000 YEARS! STILL
WANT TO COME
ABOARD?

N-NO! I
GOLLY! I
WANT ADVENTURE
SOONER THAN
GULPE 1,000
YEARS! I'LL
LEAVE, COLONEL!

BUT THE GALLANT PLANETEERS HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF
DANGER EITHER...

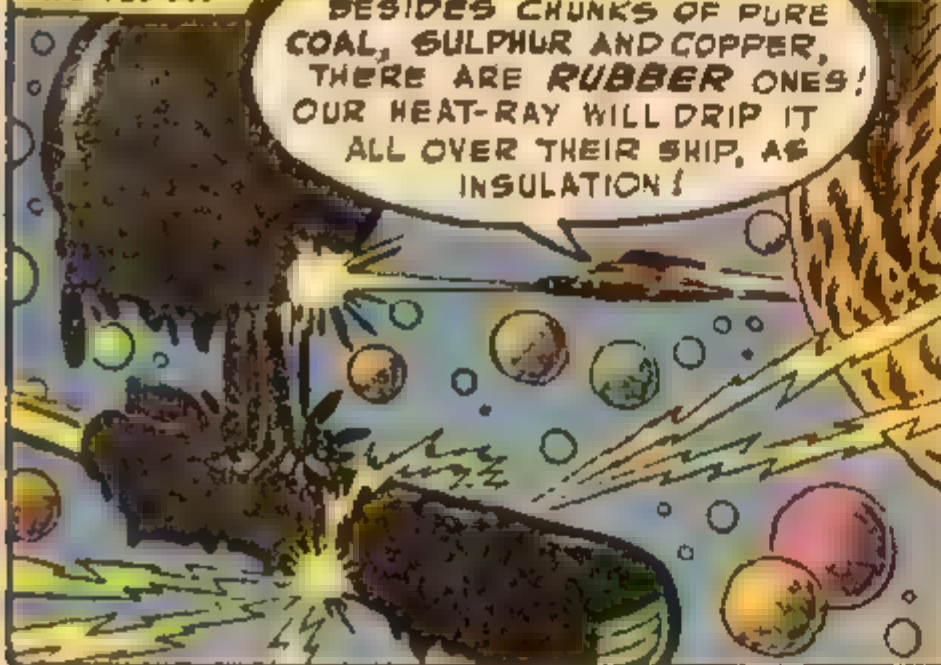
LOOK, TOMMY!
NOW THEY'RE
HEADING STRAIGHT
BETWEEN THOSE
TWO "OVERCHARGED"
ASTEROIDS WHICH
ALWAYS SHOOT
ELECTRIC BOLTS
BACK AND
FORTH!

WE CANNOT
TURN IN TIME!



SWIFTLY, TOMMY SPIES THE ONE THING THAT CAN SAVE THEM AMONG THESE PIECES OF A BROKEN WORLD...

BESIDES CHUNKS OF PURE COAL, SULPHUR AND COPPER, THERE ARE RUBBER ONES! OUR HEAT-RAY WILL DRIP IT ALL OVER THEIR SHIP, AS INSULATION!



AND SO, FINALLY, AT THE END OF TOMMY'S SPACE BEAT...

THERE IT VANISHES INTO THE UNKNOWN, FOR ANOTHER 1,000 YEARS!

AND THERE GOES OUR LAST CHANCE TO SAVE NEW EARTH, WITH THAT SPORIUM!



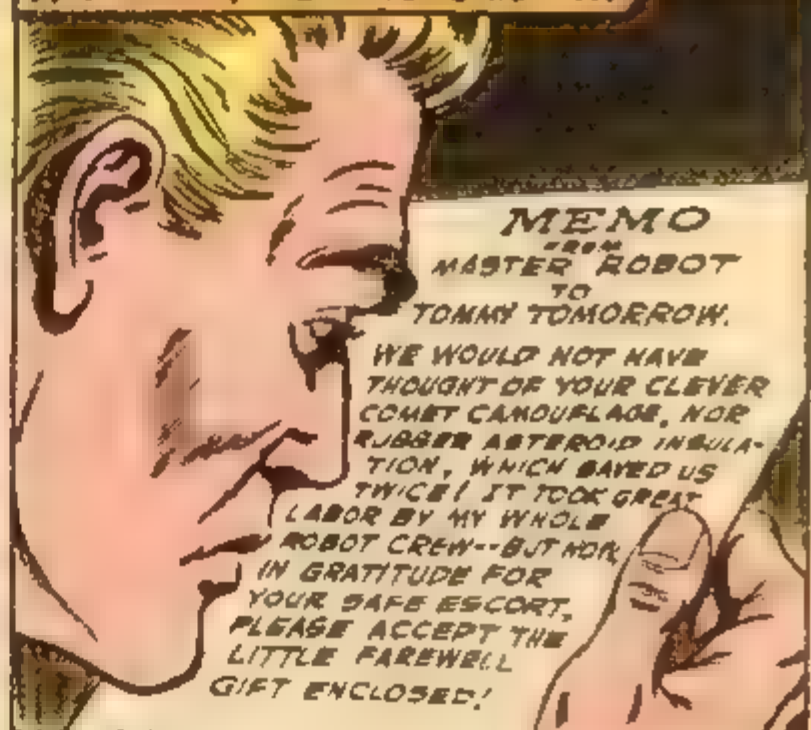
RETURNING TO THEIR EARTH SPACEPORT, THE GLOOMY PAIR MEETS WITH A NEW SURPRISE...

WE HELPED PEOPLE WE'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN--BUT WE COULDN'T BRNG HELP TO NEW EARTH, OUR OWN SISTER WORLD!

LOOK--A HOMING ROCKET, SENT TO FOLLOW US!



AND INSIDE, A STARTLING NOTE...



MEMO FROM MASTER ROBOT TO TOMMY TOMORROW. WE WOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT OF YOUR CLEVER COMET CAMOUFLAGE, NOR RUBBER ASTEROID INSULATION, WHICH SAVED US TWICE! IT TOOK GREAT LABOR BY MY WHOLE ROBOT CREW--BUT NOW, IN GRATITUDE FOR YOUR SAFE ESCORT, PLEASE ACCEPT THE LITTLE FAREWELL GIFT ENCLOSED!

THUS, DAYS LATER, AT THE CLOSE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC CASE IN THE PLANETEER FILES...

LITTLE GIFT? IT'S SYNTHETIC SPORIUM THEY MADE, TO SAVE NEW EARTH! AND I CALLED THEM COLD-BLOODED ROBOTS!

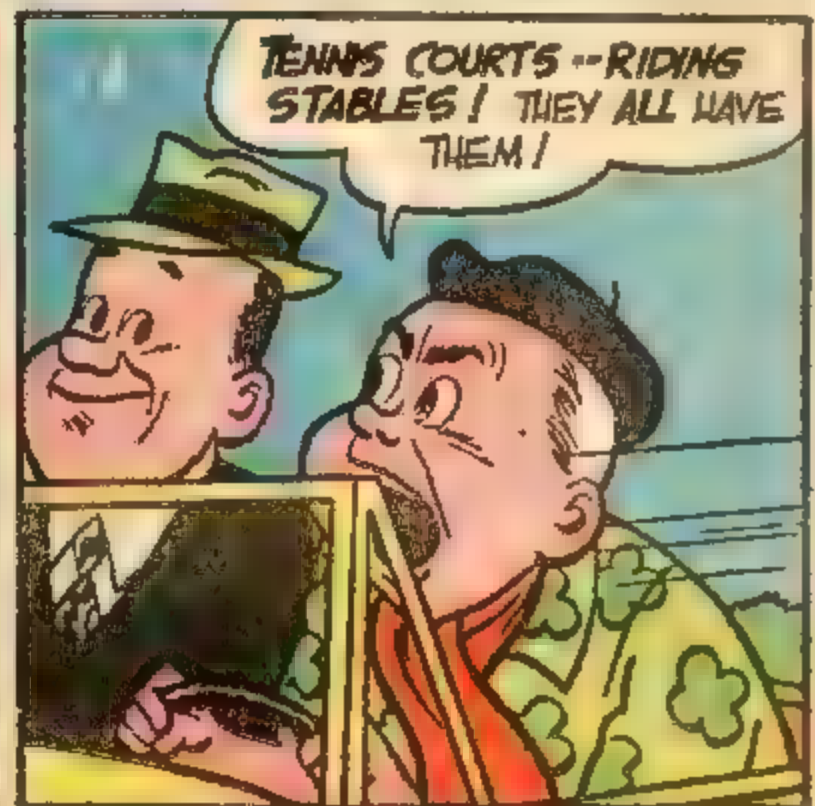
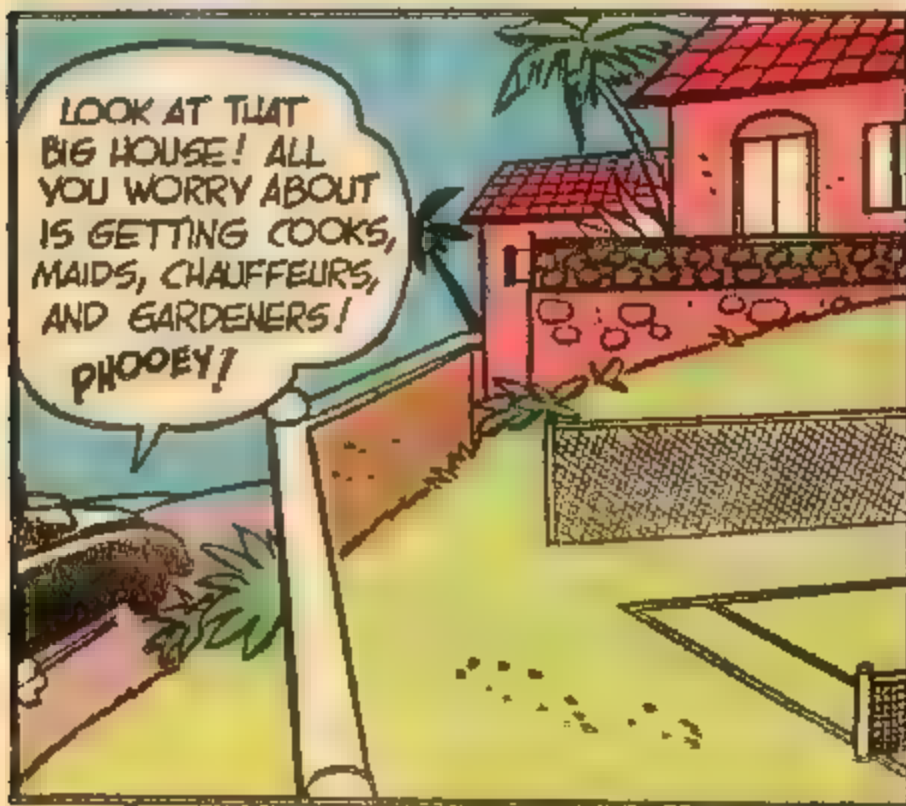
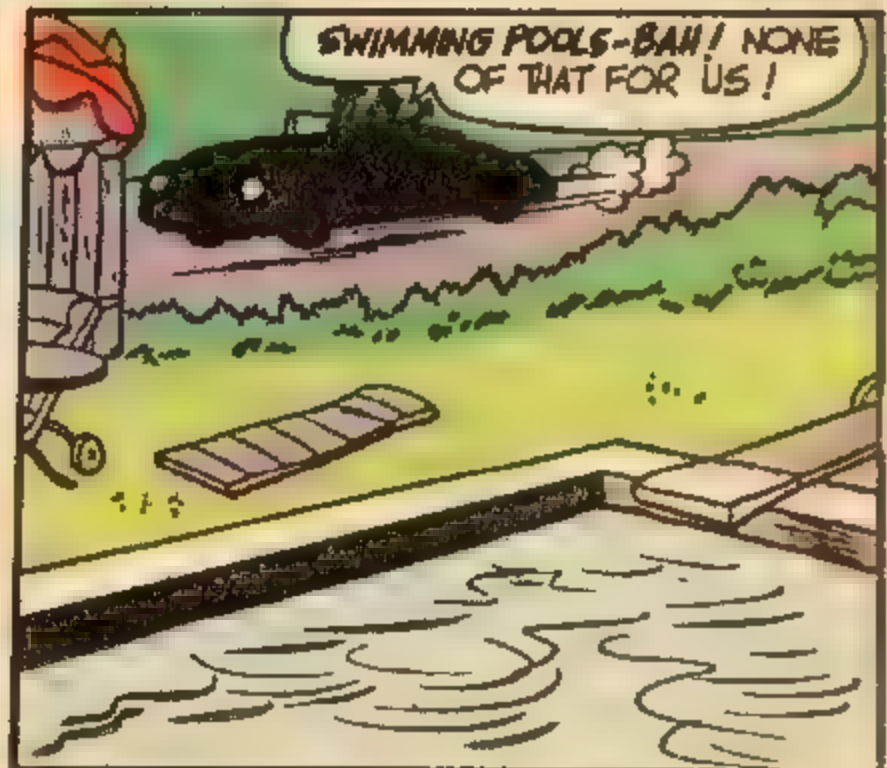
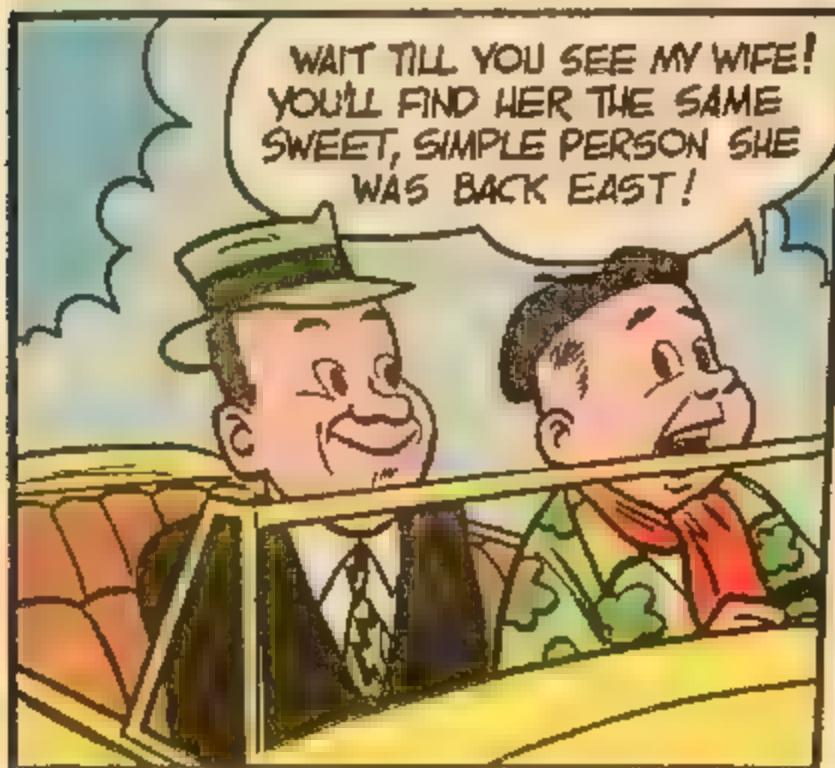
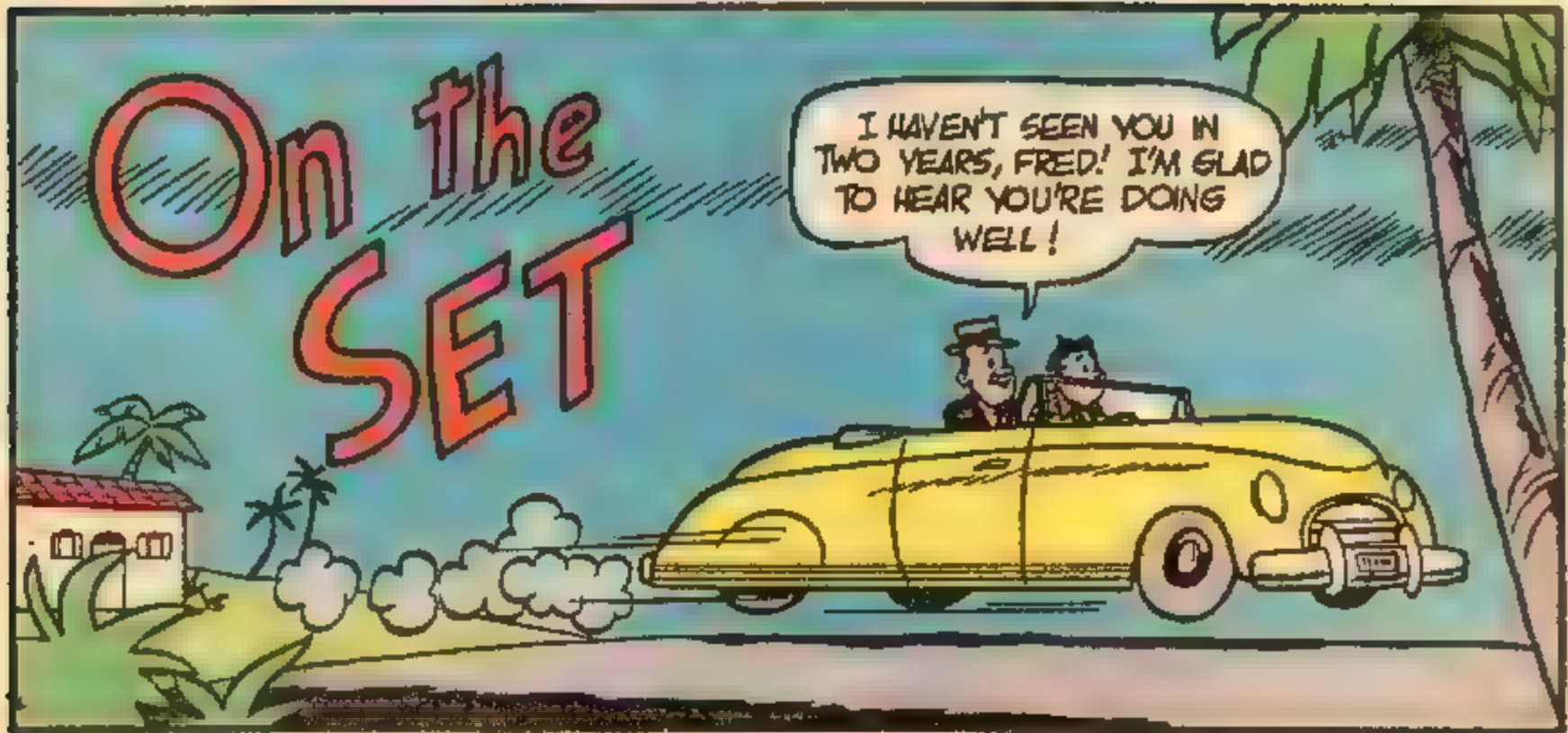
I GUESS IT PROVES ONCE MORE THAT TWO WORDS WILL ALWAYS BE TRUE TO THE END OF TIME AND SPACE... HONESTY PAYS!

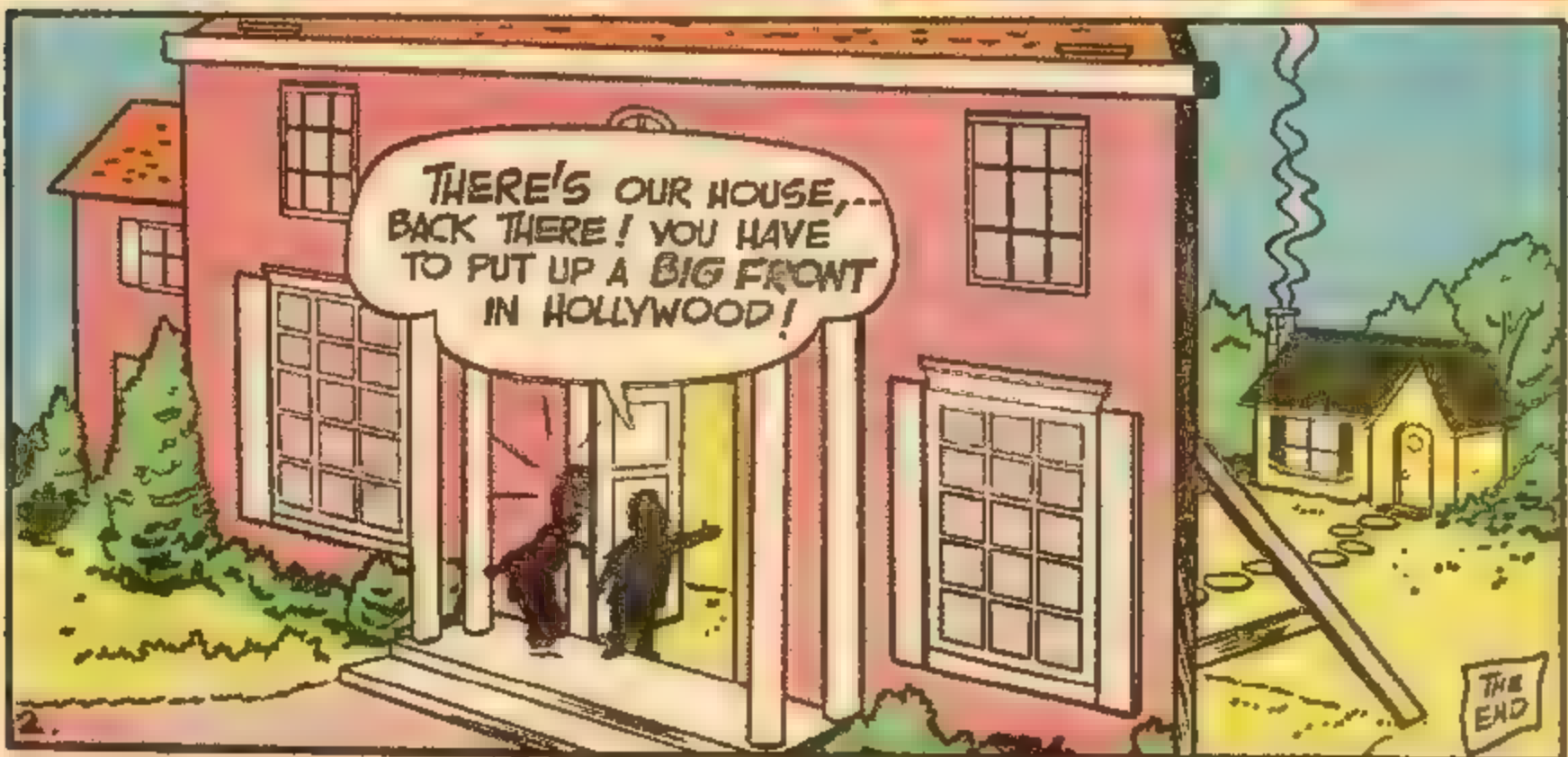
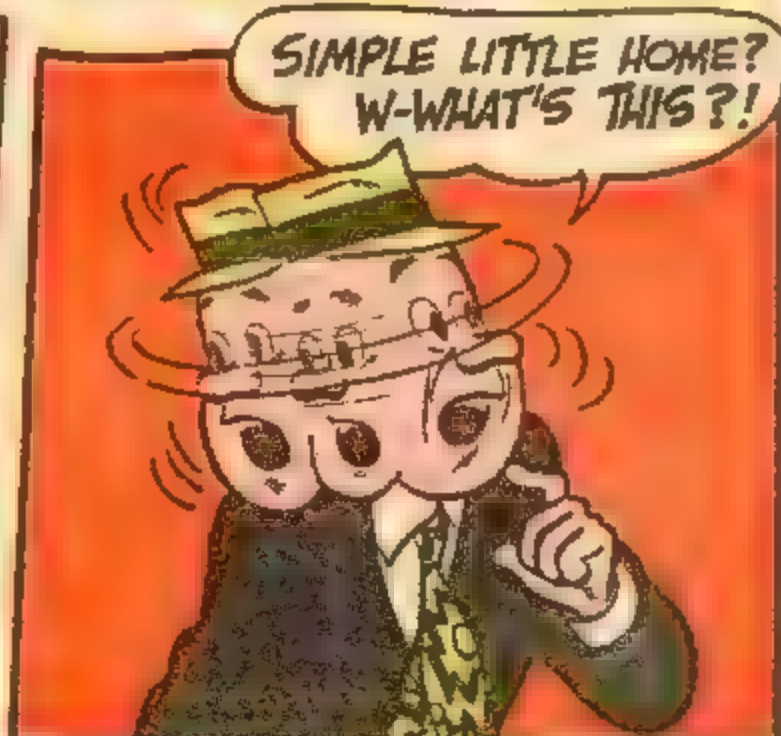
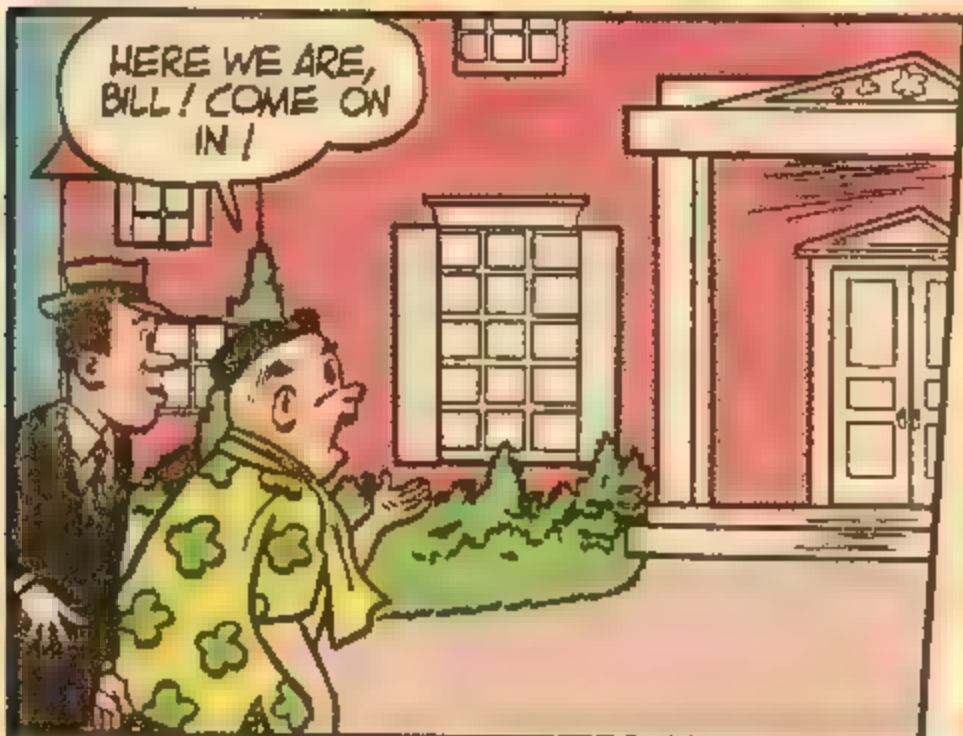
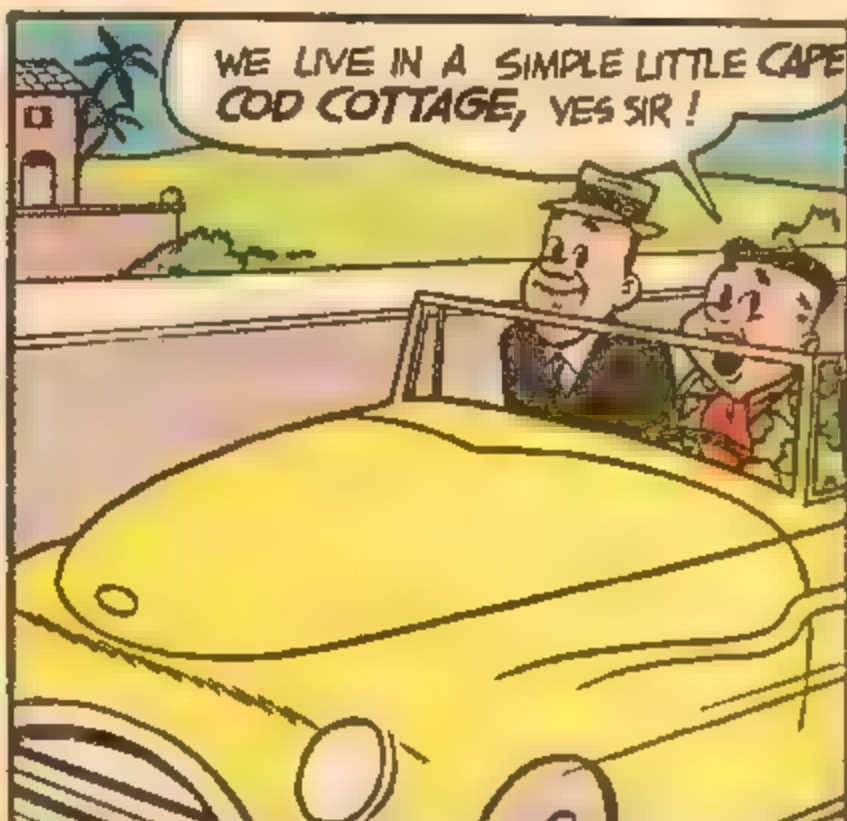
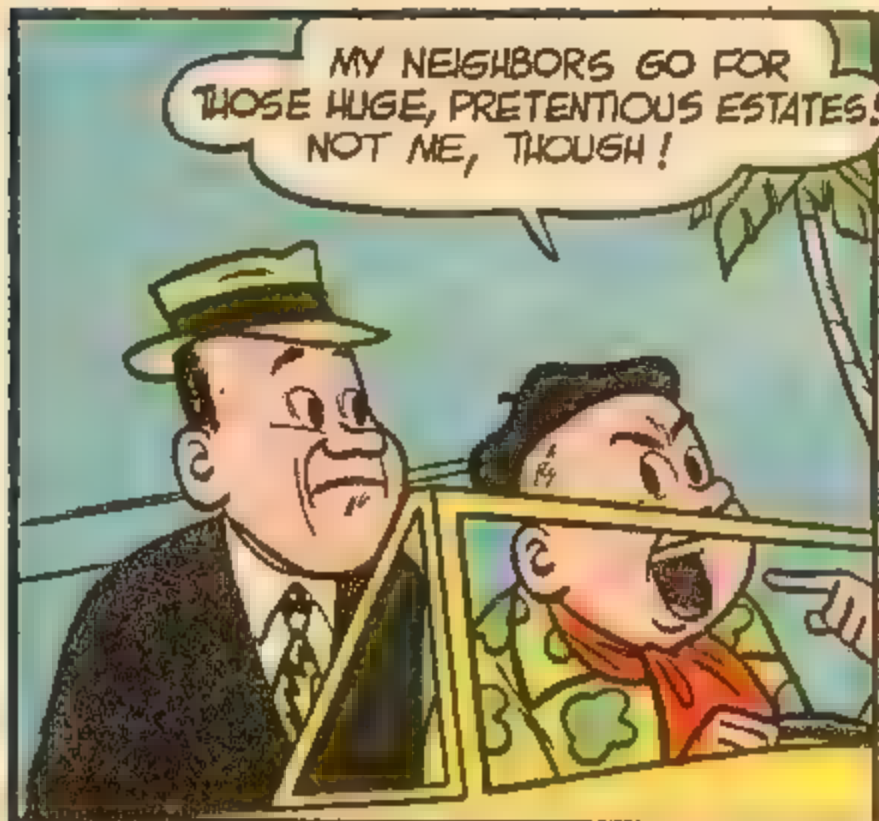


JUST THINK, TOMMY--THOSE "SPACE SLEEPERS" NEVER EVEN KNEW HOW WE SAVED THEM... OR HOW THEY SAVED NEW EARTH!

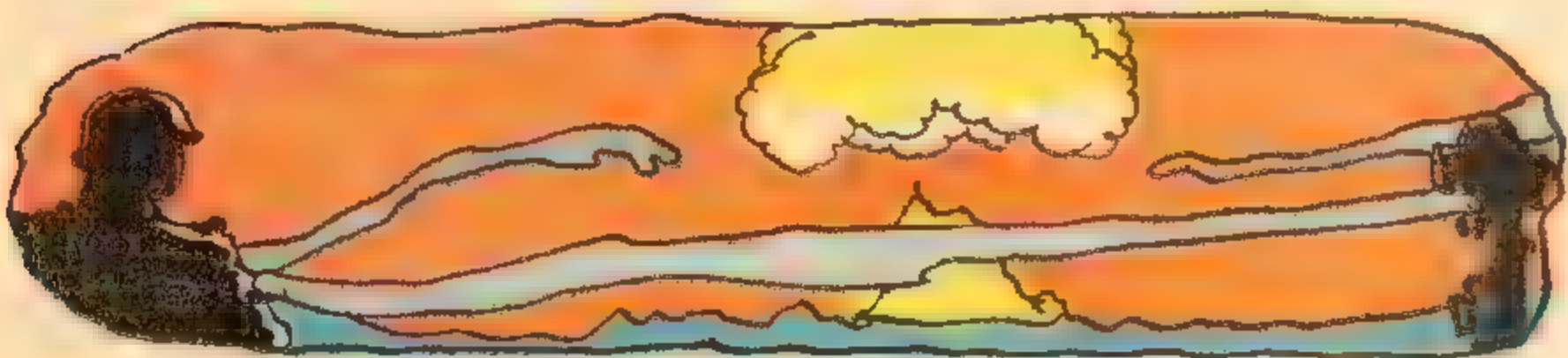
AND WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT AWAITS THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT DESTINATION FUTURE!







THE HEAT'S ON IN YUMA



**In This Desert Badland, Where Guns Fire Themselves
and Sand Eats Metal, the Army Is Testing Its
Weapons Against Future Needs**

By early afternoon, the temperature on the desert had risen to 120 in the shade. A thermometer left in the sun exploded. Searing winds, like furnace blasts, swept the sandy wasteland. Hardened oldtimers in the town of Yuma, Arizona, headed for the desert community's air-conditioned stores.

But 30 miles away, beyond the rough lava ridges of the Chocolate Mountains, a young Army sergeant named Paul Laurent buckled on a crash helmet, snapped rubber-sealed blue goggles over his eyes and donned a respirator. Then he hopped into the small hatch of the Army's new T48 heavy tank and urged the steel monster into the desert.

In minutes, choking dust had filled the tank until Sgt. Laurent would have suffocated without his respirator. Eventually, even the respirator clogged and the sergeant changed it for a suede face mask. "Sand devils," stinging little tornadoes of grit and hot wind, peppered his face. With bone-jarring lunges, the tank jolted over lava rock, through dunes and boulder-strewn dry washes, and the heat inside the hull rose to a stifling 150. The metal controls were painfully hot to touch and in 20 minutes the temperature of Sgt. Laurent's body had risen to fever height.

After an hour, and 13 miles of brutal terrain, the tank lumbered back to its starting point. Sgt. Laurent drew himself out of the driver's hatch, slid to the ground, and threw off his helmet, his goggles, mask and sweat-soaked shirt. His face was red and his expression was one of great weariness as he slumped down in the shade.

A captain in dusty fatigues gave him a canteen cup of water.

The captain motioned to another driver, who scrambled gingerly over the hot steel, squirmed into the driver's hatch and was gone in a cloud of dust.

These are the men of Army Field Forces Board Number 2, at Yuma Test Station in Arizona. Theirs is grueling work, but they are only one of many test teams doing their best to run the Army's newest and finest equipment into the ground. There are men from the Engineers testing road-building equipment and bridges, from the Signal Corps working with the latest in radar, from the Quartermaster Corps testing stoves, uniforms and other equipment.

"It's a rough and relatively thankless job," says Lieutenant Colonel Dupree, Deputy Post Commander of Yuma Test

Station. "But it's work that may save lives and battles in the years to come, and though most of the men won't admit it, this fact is in the back of their minds all the time. They gripe, but they work like Trojans."

There are three types of testing—use testing, acceptance experiments and development research. Captain Edward Betts and his Army Field Forces tank men, for example, have been sent to Yuma from Fort Knox, Kentucky, to make use tests of armored vehicles.

"We're not research people," he told me as we sat roasting in the hull of the new M-59 Armored Infantry Carrier. "Once industry and Ordnance experts have turned out a piece of equipment, they give it to us to find out what the ordinary soldier thinks of it."

A few miles from the tankers' testing area is the Ordnance Corps' Climatic Test Section and its vehicle testers. These men try to find out if equipment is acceptable for use in the desert, and to try improving it.

They'll run a truck over rough country wide open, making it haul perhaps half a dozen weighted trailers plus a truck laden with research gadgets. They've tested trucks from the ubiquitous jeep to the giant 10-ton prime mover and the odd carrier that bears the atomic cannon.

Ten miles from the vehicle testers is the longest artillery front in the world, five and a half miles of emplacements for every imaginable type of gun. Major Harold Yount, commanding the arms and ammunition testers, drove me past anti-aircraft guns, Navy guns, Air Force guns, howitzers, mortars, the atomic cannon. "They're making a test on a recoilless rifle right now," he said.

We watched while the gun crew slammed off round after round. Then Major Yount led me to a cramped booth made of steel armor up to three inches thick, windowless except for two periscopes. Through one of the latter I watched a soldier load a shell, then hurry to another bombproof. We waited till suddenly the gun went off.

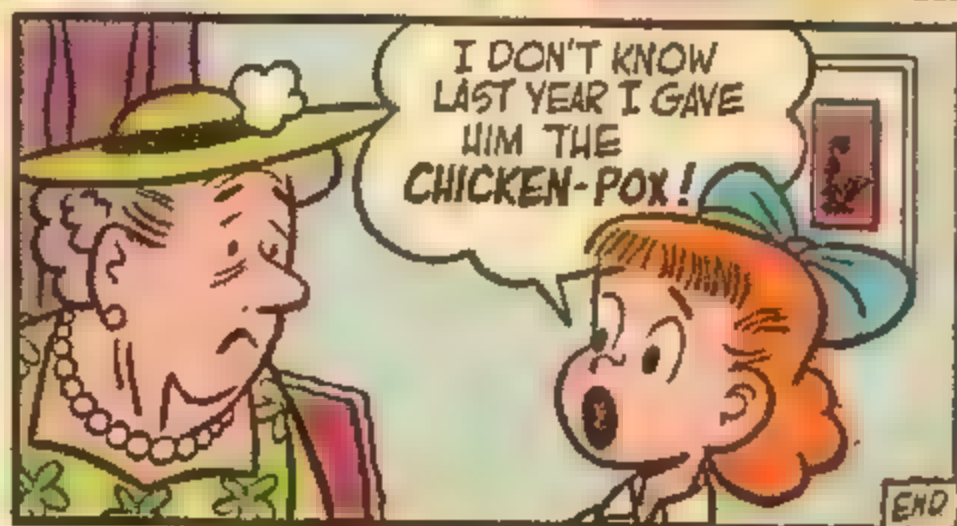
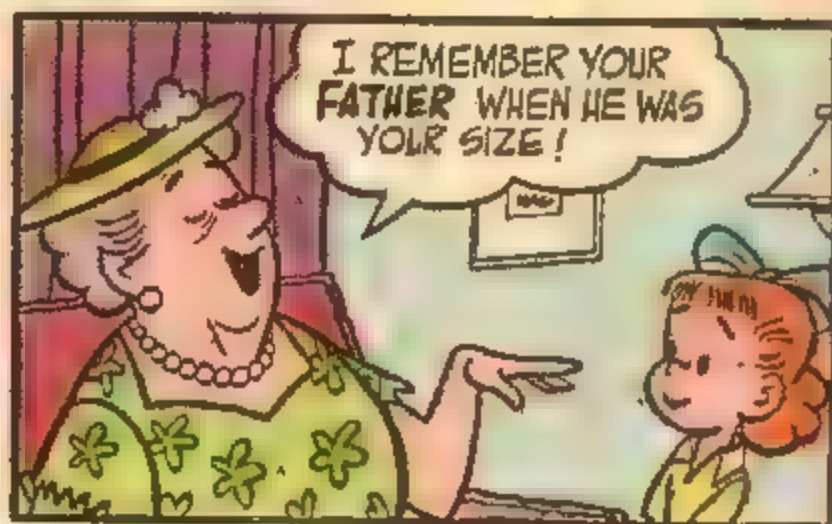
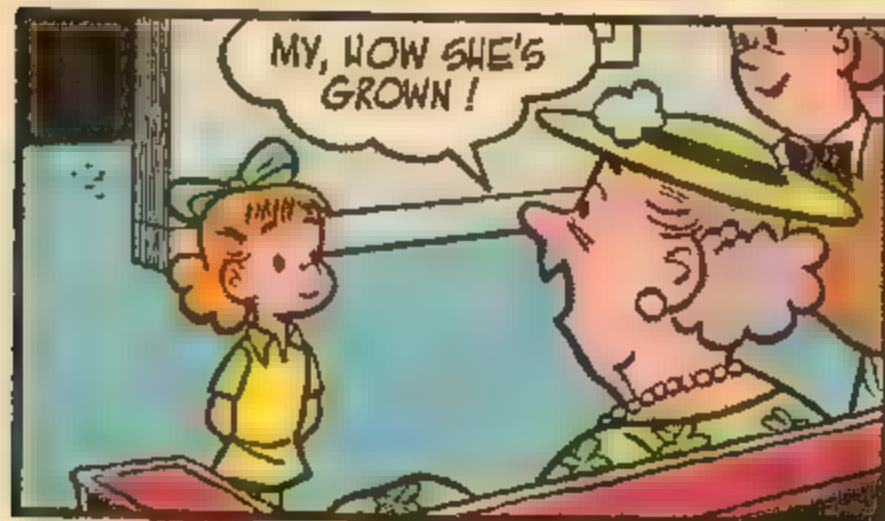
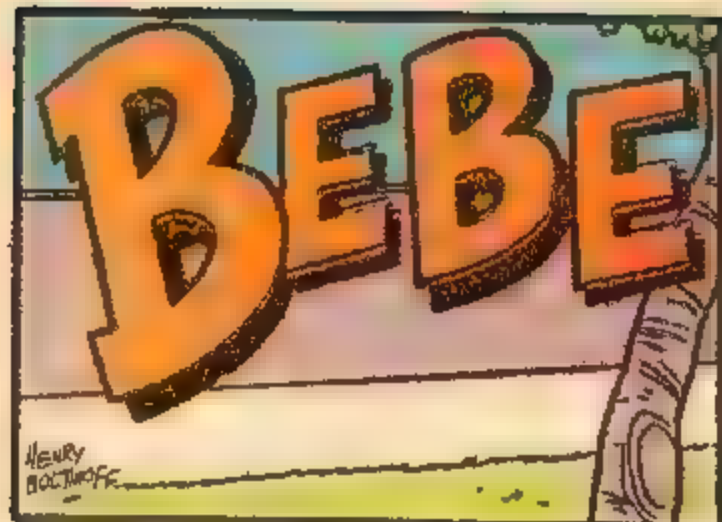
"The heat fired that one," said Major Yount. "The gun and ammunition are exposed to the sun, building up terrific heat. Then the gun gets still hotter as it fires. Finally, the heat gets so high that a round placed in the chamber fires itself. This is not good, and we have to know how to avoid it."

Sand can be a tougher foe than the heat, however. At one test area, I was shown a big drive gear encased in the toughest rubber. But of this rubber only a few traces were left. Sand had worn it off, until jagged holes were worn. "That," said one officer, "was after 200 miles of driving. Obviously we need a design change."

Sand damage can be downright perilous. Recently, a driver was finishing an hour's cross-country test. He eased back the throttle and nothing happened. Sand had jammed it. He hit his brakes, but sand had jammed them. Frantically, he spun the steering wheel, but it was dead. Sixty tons of steel hurtled past the end of the test course and slammed into a rocky embankment. The tank was undamaged, but the driver is still in the hospital.

We're testing equipment here," said Colonel Dupree, "but we're also testing men. Sometimes it's hard to tell which takes a worse beating, or which," he added with a smile, "is the tougher."

—Ronald M. Deutch



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

HSR'X FI EJVMH XS
EWO UYIWXMSRW. CSY'
PP IEVR QSVI VIWTIGX
XLER XLI JIPPSA ALS
TVIXIRHW XS ORSA EPP
XLI ERWAIW.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17. N. Y.

July

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



CONGO BILL

with
JANU
The
Jungle Boy

CONGO BILL WAS FLATTERED WHEN A SCULPTOR BRAVED THE DANGERS OF THE JUNGLE TO SCULPT HIM IN ACTION! BUT, AS HE SOON LEARNED, THERE WAS MORE THAN MET THE EYE BEHIND...

THE MYSTERY OF THE JUNGLE MONUMENTS!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, CONGO BILL AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, JANU, ARRIVE FOR AN APPOINTMENT...

THAT'S THE LIST OF ANIMALS WHICH MY ZOO WOULD LIKE YOU TO CAPTURE AND SEND BACK, CONGO BILL!

HMM... A CROCODILE, A CAPE BUFFALO, AND A BLACK-MANED LION! QUITE AN ORDER, MR. ROGERS!

SINCE WE'RE NEAR A CROC-INFESTED RIVER, WE MAY AS WELL TAKE CARE OF THAT PART OF THE ORDER FIRST!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU DO YOUR STUFF, CONGO BILL!



SHORTLY... ER... ISN'T CONGO BILL GOING TO USE A WEAPON OF SOME KIND?

NO WORRY, MR. ROGERS-- CONGO BILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE CROC!

AS SOON AS THE BEAST IS WITHIN ARM'S REACH, CONGO BILL MAKES HIS LIGHTNING MOVE, BUT...

LOOK, THE CROC IS DRAGGING CONGO BILL BELOW!

NO, MR. ROGERS-- HE DRAGS CROC UNDER! CROC CAN'T BREATHE UNDER WATER... SO HE GET HIM GOOD AND TIRED DOWN THERE!

SOON... OKAY, JANU--THE FIGHT'S GONE OUT OF HIM! YOU CAN SLIP THE LOOP AROUND HIS JAWS NOW!

HOKAY... THEN I TIE HIM UP!

SAY, HERE COMES A NATIVE RUNNER--

BWANA, SIDI-FO, RALYO, K'NITO-DA!

YOU SAY, SOMEONE IS MAKING A STATUE OF ME? THAT, I'D LIKE TO SEE! TAKE ME TO HIM!

CONGO BILL... HE MAKE STATUE OF YOU CATCHING CROC!

WHAT A COINCIDENCE. I'D LIKE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS!

NO! LOOK HERE-- BUFFALO TRACKS!

AND THEY'RE FRESH... LEADING INTO THAT HEAVY BRUSH! LET'S GO... I'LL TALK TO THAT SCULPTOR AFTERWARDS!



CAREFUL NOW--THE BUFFALO IS AN EXPERT ON CAMOUFLAGING AND CHARGING WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT!

SO HOW'LL WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE CLOSE TO IT?

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! THOSE SMALL WHITE BIRDS, EGRETS, ACCOMPANY THE BUFFALO AT ALL TIMES! IT'S HIDING JUST BELOW WHERE THEY'RE FLYING! JANU, LET'S PREPARE A CAGE. THEN I'LL SCARE IT OUT OF THE BRUSH!

LATER... WHAT'S HE DOING--PUTTING ON A BULLFIGHT SHOW?

SURE THING--BUFFALO SAME AS BULL! YOU WATCH!

VERY CLEVER FOOTWORK... BUT HOW'S THAT GOING TO CAPTURE THE BUFFALO?

YOU BE SURPRISED! COME ON--YOU SEE!

SO, THE BEAST GOT AWAY!

NOT VERY FAR THOUGH--AS YOU'LL NOTICE WHEN I PART THIS THICKET!

THE BUFF WOULD NEVER ENTER A CAGE UNLESS HE COULDN'T SEE IT! I HID THIS, THEN LURED HIM TO IT, SIDESTEPPING JUST AS THE DOOR CLOSED--

CONGO BILL SET AUTOMATIC TRIP ON DOOR! WHEN BUFF RUSH IN, CAGE LOCK ITSELF!

THEN, RETURNING TO THE SCULPTOR...

THAT SCULPTOR IS
ALREADY AT WORK ON
ANOTHER STATUE!
NEWS CERTAINLY
TRAVELS FAST IN
THE JUNGLE...

NOW'S AS GOOD
A TIME AS ANY TO
FIND OUT WHAT'S
BEHIND IT ALL!
LET'S GO!



OF COURSE I DON'T MIND EXPLAINING! MY NAME
IS JIM CRAVEN! I'VE BEEN ORDERED BY AN
ADVENTURERS' CLUB TO MAKE
STATUES OF YOU IN ACTION!
THEY WILL BE PLACED IN
THEIR CLUB HOUSE.

WELL, I'M
FLATTERED!

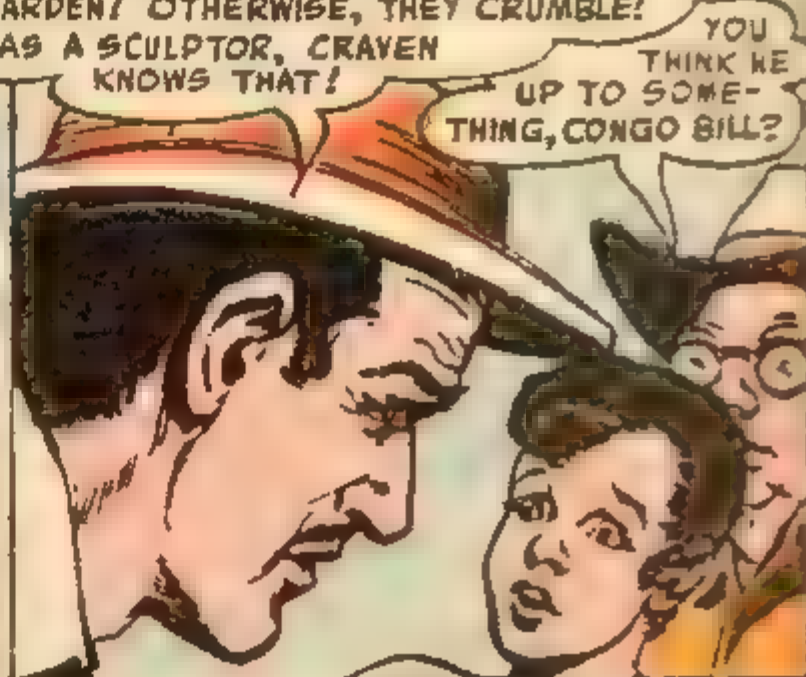
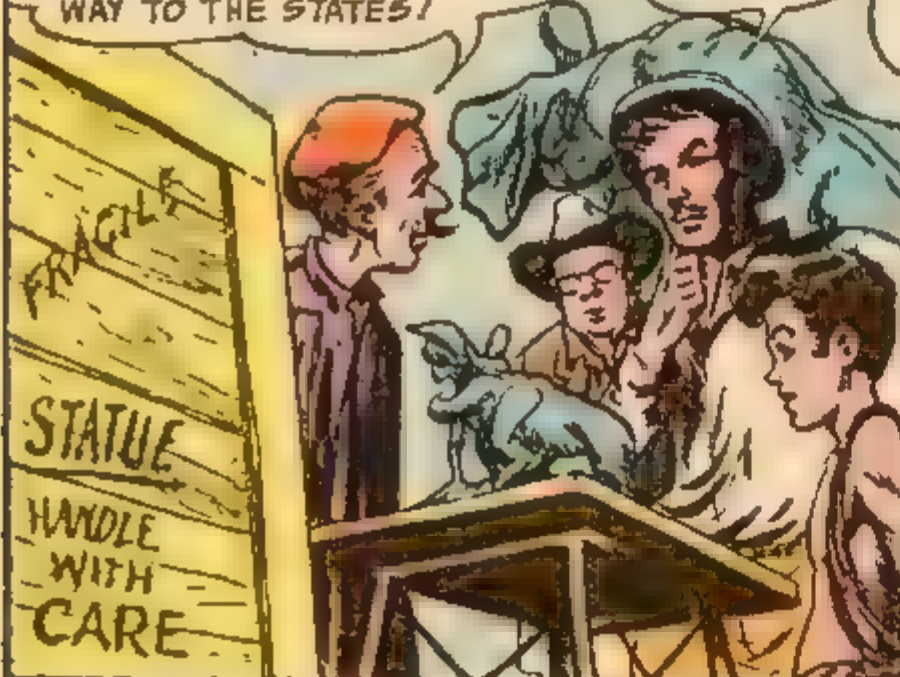


AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE ALREADY
CRATED THE FIRST ONE! IN A
DAY OR SO, IT WILL BE ON ITS
WAY TO THE STATES!

HMM... WELL,
LET'S GO,
JANU...

SOMETHING WRONG HERE, JANU-- CLAY
STATUES SHOULD BE IN THE OPEN, UNDER
A HOT SUN FOR A LONG TIME TO DRY AND
HARDEN! OTHERWISE, THEY CRUMBLE!
AS A SCULPTOR, CRAVEN
KNOWS THAT!

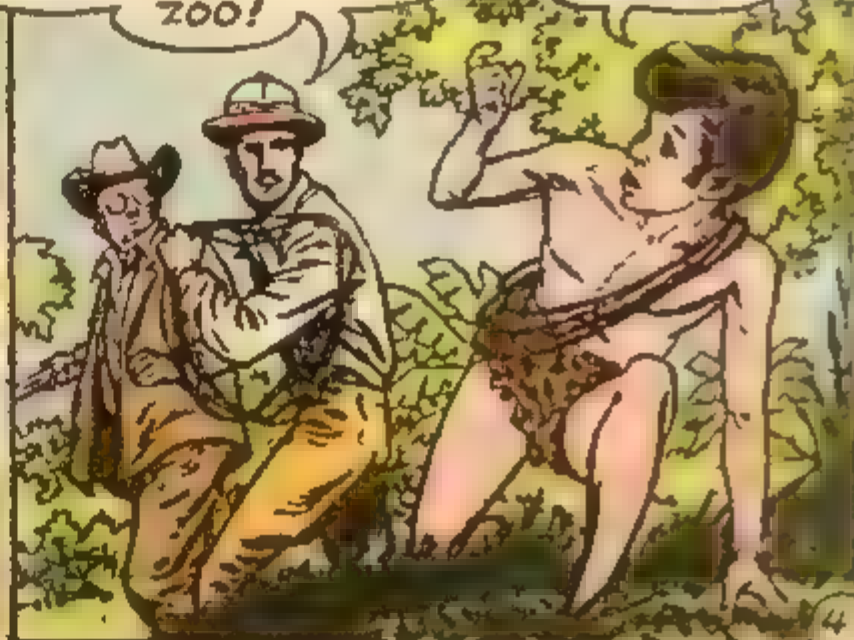
YOU
THINK WE
UP TO SOME-
THING, CONGO BILL?



YES, I DO! I VAGUELY RECALL HE HAS A
BAD REPUTATION. MAYBE HE'S TRYING TO
SMUGGLE SOMETHING OUT OF THE JUNGLE
INSIDE THE STATUES!

MIGHT BE ANYTHING--DIAMONDS--
LOOT!... I'LL FIND OUT FOR
SURE AFTER I BAG THE
THIRD ANIMAL FOR THAT
ZOO!

YOU START
RIGHT NOW!
LOOK--LION
TRACKS--!





ACTION COMICS



AFTER AN HOUR'S TRACKING THROUGH THE BRUSH...

IS THIS--
ER--SAFE,
CONGO BILL?

NO, IT ISN'T--BUT
THERE'S NO SAFE
WAY TO CATCH A
LION! YOU KEEP
AN EYE ON ITS
TAIL!

JUST BEFORE A LION LEAPS, HE TWITCHES
THE END OF HIS TAIL THREE TIMES QUICKLY!
THERE IT GOES--
ONE, TWO...

THREE!... AND AT THE INSTANT IT
LEAPS, I THROW THIS LASSO...

...CATCHING HIS TWO
HIND LEGS!

A LION IS PRETTY
HELPLESS WITH-
OUT THE USE
OF HIS HIND
LEGS!

HOLD TIGHT,
CONGO BILL--
I TIE REST
OF HIM!

SOON...

THAT TAKES CARE OF
YOUR ORDER, ROGERS.
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT
THAT SCULPTOR IS TRY-
ING TO SMUGGLE OUT
OF AFRICA!

I
WONDER
WHAT--?

BUT WHEN HE CHALLENGES THE
SCULPTOR...

HE TRYING
TO SMUGGLE SOMETHING OUT IN-
SIDE THOSE STATUES? BAH!
LOOK-- I HAVEN'T DONE TOO MUCH
WORK ON THIS LATEST ONE-- SO
I'LL SMASH IT!



THERE! AS YOU CAN SEE, NOTHING WAS HIDDEN INSIDE!

HE RIGHT, CONGO BILL!

BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE HE'S HONORING ME WITH THOSE STATUES! WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE SCULPTURE NOT BEING SUFFICIENTLY DRIED STILL GOES!

LOOK, CONGO BILL--SEE HOW CRAVEN'S CLAY TO MAKE STATUES STAIN MY HANDS?

WAIT...THIS CLAY--IT'S A RARE TYPE CONTAINING A PURE DYE! I--I BELIEVE I MAY HAVE THE ANSWER! WHERE'S CRAVEN?



DON'T COME A STEP CLOSER--!

SO I WAS RIGHT!



AT THAT INSTANT...



NOW LET'S HAVE THE TRUTH, CRAVEN! IT WAS THIS CLAY--SOIL YOU WANTED TO SMUGGLE OUT, WASN'T IT?

Y-YES...AS YOU SAID, IT CONTAINS A DYE I WANTED TO GET HOME AND SELL FOR A FORTUNE! BUT THERE'S A LAW AGAINST IMPORTING SOIL--



...SO INSTEAD OF PUTTING IT IN BOXES, YOU SCULPTED IT IN THE FORM OF STATUES, WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN ADMITTED!

THE END.

To the BOYS and GIRLS
of America--

THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL
IS YOUR



GUARANTEE

OF THE **BEST** IN COMICS READING

For Example



**ALL SUPERMAN-DC
COMICS HAVE BEEN
APPROVED BY THE
CODE AUTHORITY!**

You Can WIN

This 13" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



FREE

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a **Champion of Champions**.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK** and
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY,**
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST,** my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO** Mail
coupon **NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. NC-57

"Jowett Course
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN".
—R.F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 **HE-MAN** Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

For Super Summer Fun!

BUY AND SHOOT A

DAISY

AIR RIFLE

THE NEW NO. 25 DAISY PUMP GUN!

Many brand-new features on this 50-shot force-feed pump action repeater: combination peep-and-open rear sight adjustable for windage, elevation; "ramp type" front sight; bright-plated trigger; improved gold-filled "engraving" on jacket. "25" is tops for accuracy—cocks by pulling slide toward checkered full-oval stock. Gun, leather BB Loader, 2 BB Packs—in "gun case" carton, only \$8.95. Buy it for your first or second Daisy now!

"TAKE-DOWN" MODEL! "25" TAKES APART, REASSEMBLES FAST! PACKS INTO SUITCASE FOR SUPER VACATION FUN!



NEW NO. 94 DAISY *RED RYDER CARBINE

This new, easier cocking lever-action "1000 shot" style repeater looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle carbine! Read the many brand-new features—printed near gun picture. "94" comes with new leather BB Loader Wallet, 2 BB Packs—in "gun case" carton. Get yours now. Only \$7.95.

"Engraved Silver" Carbine Band!

Beautifully Checkered Carbine Type Fore-Piece!

Combination Peep-and-Open Sight. Adjustable for Windage!

Realistic Western Carbine Hammer!

Bright-Plated Cocking Lever and Trigger!

Red Ryder's Name in Gold on Checkered Carbine Type Stock!

LICENSED BY RED RYDER ENTERPRISES, INC., NEW YORK

HARMLESS NEW DAISY SUPER PLAY RIFLES!

No. 1069 \$4.98

NEW NO. 1069 CORK BULLET CARBINE
HARMLESS! Shoots $\frac{1}{4}$ " soft cork bullets fast, accurately! Makes loud bang with or without ammunition—smokes! Does not shoot BBs. Looks, cocks like real air rifle carbine. Only \$4.98 with cork bullets, "gun case" carton.

New Daisy Soft Cork Bullet

No. 1060 \$3.98

NEW NO. 1060 AUTOMATIC SUPER-SMOKER!
HARMLESS! Shoots thunder-like NOISE and SMOKE only! World's LOUDEST play rifle. Real "air rifle" appearance. Only \$3.98 in "gun case" carton.

NEW DAISY RED RYDER GUNBOOK!

COLT "FRONTIER" REVOLVER
—one of many guns in book

Shows historic rifles, pistols in gun section. Pocket-size, 128 pages. Also western lore, ranch cartoons, jokes, comic strips plus Daisy's brand-new Air Rifle Catalog. Send only 25¢, we'll include

ARROWHEAD CHARM

FREE

with your Gunbook!

MAIL COUPON!

TO RED RYDER, care of DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY DEPT. A-165, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

I enclose "Two Bits" (25¢ in coin, Pardon!) Send RED RYDER GUNBOOK, DAISY CATALOG and FREE Injun Arrowhead Charm.

NAME _____

STREET AND NUMBER _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Both!

Air Rifles

Come with...

No. 94 \$7.95

No. 25 \$8.95

NEW NO. 707 BB LOADER WALLET
Genuine leather—holds about 450 BBs —loads Daisys fast!

Plus 2 NO. 700 FULL BB REFILL PACKS
Red Ryder name on Packs —the "most BBs for your money!"

and NEW GUN-CARRYING-CASE CARTON

Where to buy Daisys

See and buy them at your nearest hardware, sports goods, national chain or department store. If Daisy Dealer is out of stock or none near you—send name, the number and enclose price of Daisy product wanted to factory—we'll rush it postpaid. (No BB Pack orders accepted.) DUTY ADDED IN CANADA.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. A-165, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.